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MEDIATION.

IT is well that the plan of a joint mediation between the American belligerents failed even before it was formally proposed. The project would have been objectionable even if the time had been more opportune for pacific negotiations; and in the present temper of the Northern population any amicable settlement seems to be out of the question. As long as a conquest seems possible, and before the approach of financial embarrassment has penetrated the general comprehension, it is not likely that the Federalists will be satisfied with a part of the whole which they hope to secure. The utter humiliation of the South is, by a twofold delusion, represented as at the same time practicable and desirable; and an accommodation in which the enemy must be, to a certain extent, recognised as an equal, would involve intolerable disappointment. It is useless to prove that the war must terminate in some similar arrangement, if it is not to be carried on for ever. The North is fighting even more for victory than for empire; and the magnitude of the army, as well as its real or imaginary achievements, fills the popular imagination. A mediator implies, in accepting the office, that something is to be conceded on either side. A sensible member lately reminded the House of Representatives that it was useless to emancipate by proclamation slaves who had already sufficient motive for running away if they could; and it would be not less idle to institute an arbitration between belligerents if the weaker party were already prepared to tender an unqualified submission. If words have any meaning, and acts any significance, the Confederate States will not be satisfied with less than the recognition of their independence. An award founded on any assumption that the Union was to be maintained would be summarily rejected by the South; and yet the indispensable condition of peace is the very concession which the Federal Government would certainly refuse.

Even, however, if an early peace were intrinsically possible, an English offer of mediation would have involved serious dangers. If it were summarily rejected, the proposal would nevertheless be resented as an encouragement to the seceders, and it would not be accepted unless the French Government were a partner in the transaction. If an arbitration were instituted, it would be impossible to answer for the tendencies or conduct of French diplomatists. Any leaning which they might show to the South would be attributed to their unpopular colleagues, while the burden of rejecting proposals unduly favourable to the Federalists might at any moment be thrown on the English plenipotentiaries. Both members of the international tribunal might be suspected of a regard for selfish interests, but all imputations of unfairness would be habitually concentrated on England. The mere commencement of mediation would serve as a perpetual excuse for incomplete success; and if the Federal Government assumed the responsibility of accepting the intervention, the hated foreigner would be taxed with the injustice of refusing to effect by his sentence the result which is now universally expected from the supposed triumphs of the army. Even if the award were delivered and adopted, immediate demands would be made for the seizure of Canada, in revenge and compensation for the loss of Louisiana or South Carolina.

There is some excuse for the repugnance which the Northern Americans have expressed to every attempt to settle the dispute by mediation. European interference might be honest, but it could not be exclusively judicial. The intention of enforcing the judgment which might be given, and of securing peace under any circumstances, is visibly apparent behind the mere offer of arbitration. The Emperor of the French desires the cessation of hostilities from a reasonable regard for the welfare of his own subjects, and it is not to be supposed that he would acquiesce in the rejection of his counsels if the combatants ultimately determined to persevere in

the war. The Federal Government understands that mediation means peace with the South, or war with the Power which should have delivered its judgment in vain. The Confederates, for the same reason, constantly invoke the intervention of France and England, in the hope that a judicial decision might soon be followed by active co-operation. It would not suit the dignity of England and France to adjudicate in a quarrel when both parties had not previously agreed to abide by their sentence. If the arbitration broke up by the withdrawal of the Federal Government from the agreement, the seceders would have already secured recognition, if not alliance. Almost all advocates on both sides have taken it for granted that mediation would be principally favourable to the South; and it is difficult to distinguish between the appeals which are made to the impartiality of foreign Powers, and the arguments in favour of immediate and forcible interference. It is generally admitted that, since the loss of New Orleans, a mere recognition would be a barren formality.

A war with Federal America would cost more than many crops of cotton are worth. It would be a godsend to zealous politicians who will shortly have to find an excuse for their reckless encouragement of the national delusion; and the antipathy which it would excite and almost justify would, for many generations, prevent the establishment of a solid and durable peace. When a rupture seemed almost unavoidable after the seizure of the *Trent*, prudent men deeply regretted the necessity of a conflict which was certain to be misrepresented and misunderstood. A war professedly waged for the establishment of Southern independence would be still more invidious, and it would not involve unanimity at home. It is impossible that England should wish to establish or maintain negro slavery, and it by no means follows that an alliance with a slave-holding community would imply any favour to the institution which might be incidentally assisted; but the negro-hating North would echo the fiercest denunciations of the Abolitionists against a Power which connected itself with the insurgent slave-owners. Against much loss and obloquy it is not easy to set off any counterbalancing advantage which would make an American war expedient.

Least of all would it be profitable to follow France into a struggle which would necessarily be controlled by alien counsels and motives. Joint action in war is not recommended by the experience of recent years in the Crimea, in China, or in Mexico. Good faith and friendly feeling are no sufficient security for a lasting community of interests; and it might suit the purpose of France to make peace or to continue the war against the wish and opinion of the English Government. In either case, a withdrawal from the alliance would be either dangerous or discreditable, and yet the objections to perseverance in joint action might be still more insurmountable. The quarrels of two allies with a common enemy are never altogether identical. It might become necessary to mix up questions of Mexican policy or of insults on the French flag with the main object of terminating a ruinous civil war. The mere want of cotton is not precisely the same in character and in result as it affects the trade of the two countries. An armed intervention in the South would probably be popular at Lyons, but it would certainly meet with general disapproval in Lancashire. On the whole, it is better not to engage in an uncertain partnership; it is inexpedient to undertake the gratuitous duty of coercing the Americans into commerce; and it is not even desirable to offer or to undertake a mediation which might probably end in an armed intervention by England and France.

LORD CANNING.

A NOTHER leader has fallen upon that most fearful of all battle-fields, in which a fatal climate is the enemy, and the security and glory of an empire the prize. We hold our Indian dominions by a terrible tenure. As long as we can find

statesmen who will give up all that makes life sweet in England, in order to toil for five years under an exhausting sun, and then to creep home and die, so long it seems likely that we may hold our own against every claimant. This is the third that has fallen within the last three years. DALHOUSIE, WILSON, CANNING have all been cut off in the prime of life, for no other cause but that they had served their country too faithfully, and cared for themselves too little. It might seem that the loss of so many precious lives would spur into a passing energy even the sluggishness of the India Office, and might overrule the indolent tradition that condemns every Indian statesman to struggle through the labour which such an empire exacts in the deadly malaria of Calcutta. But this is a vain dream. It is not for so light a matter as the deaths of a few Governors, that well-bred officials will deviate from a time-honoured routine. Lord CANNING's death will, no doubt, produce an effect. It will probably convey to the mind of the SECRETARY OF STATE a suspicion that Calcutta is unwholesome. The next death will deepen that suspicion into a definite impression. The next death after that will advance the impression to the dignity of a conviction; and after a few more deaths have taken place, the India Office will probably be thoroughly aware that the time is come when something ought to be done. Until that intellectual conviction has arrived, and has produced its fruit in action, we must be content to mourn the sacrifice of one after another of England's noblest and most devoted children, to the selfish interests of a few merchants, and the laziness of a handful of officials.

Lord CANNING's character was one which England only can produce, and of which Englishmen only would be proud. There was nothing dazzling in his talents, nothing brilliant in the career which he marked out for himself. When he was among us as an English statesman, he did not distinguish himself by splendid eloquence, or any unusual administrative powers. He was allowed to be a man of shrewd common sense and sound judgment; but he was wholly destitute of the showy gifts by which popular applause is won. He was principally known as a heavy but useful speaker, who had been brought into the front rank of politicians by the friendship of more distinguished men. He was appointed to the important post in which his great name was won, on a principle, thoroughly English and practical indeed, but justifiable on no theoretic rule. There is no doubt that it was a recollection of his father's ill-requited services and early death that moved Lord PALMERSTON to make a selection which no previous exhibition of talent or performance in public life could justify. Yet the Governor so appointed, with, apparently, so few special gifts to fit him for such enormous power, has carried our Indian Empire safely past the turning-point of its destiny, and has founded a new era of Indian government, rich with future promise. His strength, like that of many successful Englishmen, lay less in his head than in his heart. Quickness of perception, rapidity of contrivance, brilliancy of expression, would have done little for him in the tempest through which it was his fate to steer. In that terrible crisis his resource lay in the steady balance of moral qualities which only the previous trainings of a conscience-guided life could furnish. Few men have ever realized more exactly the "just and tenacious" man of the poet's hackneyed ideal. As the seeming movement of the horizon marks the rolling of the ship, so the opposite reproaches to which he exposed himself at various stages of his career, marked, not his fickleness, for he never changed, but the phases of the mutable public opinion around him. He was CLEMENCY CANNING at the time of the mutiny—he was the object of Lord ELLENBOROUGH's insults for his harshness, when the mutiny was over. There had been no oscillation in his policy; but the fierce passions and the unchristian yell for blood, which the horrors, or alleged horrors, of the Sepoy massacres drew forth, changed by a quick reaction into a maudlin compassion even for the worst offenders. The cry for a cruel vengeance had been extorted by sheer terror; and when that terror was appeased, exaggerated generosity was the natural result of shame at its extravagance. Lord CANNING, who had shared neither the terror nor the shame, was equally strange to both extremes of policy. The result was that he saved our Indian Empire from almost all the ordinary results of internal conflict. The bitterness of a defeated party, a severer and sharper policy of repression, a swollen army and a deranged finance, are the smallest of the penalties which have been usually incurred by empires that have passed through such a civil war as our Indian mutiny. Lord CANNING's Government, equally superior to weakness and to passion, has been able to efface all these traces of the great revolt which had been maturing for so

long, and with which it was his unexpected lot to be obliged to cope. He has left the population more contented, the policy of the Government more liberal, the finance more sound, and the military force less burdensome, than it was before the mutiny broke out. The short history of our Indian Empire records the splendid deeds of many a warlike Viceroy. But for the courage of endurance and the courage of self-restraint in the face of unexampled peril, and for the statesmanship that leaves its record, not in the names of glorious battle-fields, or conquered provinces, but in the increased welfare of millions, there is none of them that can be paralleled to Lord CANNING.

It is impossible not to be struck by the comparative obscurity in which the man who has done such deeds has died. For six years he has ruled despotically over one hundred and fifty millions of his fellow-men. He has almost reconquered a mighty empire. He has dethroned the heir of AURUNGZEBE, and been received with almost suppliant splendour as a mighty patron, by the absolute rulers of territories larger than these islands,—rulers who have been thankful to earn his approval, and to be decorated by his hand. Among many nations, and in many ages of the world, it would have seemed marvellous that such a man should anxiously seek to be allowed to retire from such an eminence, and should return to live in his native land without any power or grandeur to distinguish him from hundreds of his fellow-subjects. Such a spectacle is familiar to Englishmen, and it does not occur to them to notice it. It is far more wonderful that any man can be found, who will be tempted by such a reward to bend to such a burden. Such a self-devotion on the part of men whose name is already illustrious, and whose means are already ample, can be referable to nothing but the one true ambition—the ambition of duty, that only aspires not to have lived in vain. Such men are becoming rarer amongst us, for the moral atmosphere of the age in which we live is not favourable to their production. They are not the offspring of a material philosophy. The supply of them is scarce in the market—the most anxious demand will not call them forth. No recompense will pay them for what they sacrifice or what they risk, and therefore no offers will create them. Enlightened selfishness will produce many things; but it will not produce them. They are the progeny of a sentiment, higher than the most sagacious egotism, at which the commercial, bargaining spirit that is stealing over our age would scoff. Self-sacrifice and self-devotion will not find many votaries in the practical spirit of a newer generation. The temper which supported Lord CANNING through his trying career, and urged him on to exertions so beneficial to his fellow-men and so fatal to himself, will not easily be found among a younger race of men. He has left us to mourn over a loss which it will be most difficult to replace, and to moralize over an example which there will be few to follow.

AMERICA.

THE Federal Americans seem to have had an important success in the West, as they now command the entire course of the Mississippi. The Confederate flotilla had maintained the contest with creditable spirit, and on one occasion it had probably achieved a victory, but it was impossible that the struggle for the possession of the river could be indefinitely continued. After the fall of New Orleans, the Confederate gun-boats were enclosed between hostile forces, above and below, and it was impossible that they should be reinforced. As the Government of Washington has succeeded in suppressing all detailed information, it may be assumed that the final triumph was not considered especially glorious to the stronger party. Future experience will show whether the perseverance of the Southern force has been practically serviceable to the cause. The actual or approaching destruction of the gun-boats probably influenced the determination to abandon Corinth. It may be inferred, from BEAUREGARD's retreat, that he had succeeded in imposing on the enemy so far as to keep him at bay for several weeks with much smaller numbers; and as the Confederate troops have in almost all parts of the country showed a marked superiority in the field, it is scarcely probable that an able general should have retreated without a battle, if he had been nearly a match for his enemy. The statement that the Southern army is demoralized and broken up may possibly be true, and when it is confirmed by better evidence it will not be incredible. For the present, it is wholly unnecessary to believe the boastful assertions of Federal officers and reporters. General HALLECK has despatched General POPE in pursuit of the retreating army, while he remains in person at Corinth, apparently for the

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purpose of keeping his communications open. It would not be surprising if BEAUREGARD should turn on one of the sections of a divided army, and prove that the war in the West has not ended without a single skirmish.

In Virginia, the progress of the campaign seems to show that the Confederates are outnumbered, although they have been successful in almost every combat. General JACKSON has once more displayed his superiority to his civilian opponents by defeating FREMONT in his retreat after creating a panic at Washington by his victorious advance against BANKS. General FREMONT seems to have marched across the hills with laudable activity to support his colleague in the valley of the Shenandoah. Ultimately he moved a little too fast, and he allowed himself to be surprised by the enemy, who seems in the end to have effected his retreat in safety. The operations in the Northern part of Virginia have been almost overlooked in the excitement of a combat between the main armies near Richmond, which almost attained the dimensions of a pitched battle. The glorious victory of the Federals at Chickahominy was illustrated by the loss of a camp with its baggage, and of nineteen guns. One division was thrown, according to General M'CLELLAN, into discreditable confusion, and on the first night of the contest the Confederate army rested on the battle ground. On the Sunday morning, as at Shiloh, the Confederate attack was renewed, and it was repelled by the reinforcements which had been brought up during the night. The lost guns were not recovered, the Confederates were not pursued, and perhaps they only made a demonstration to cover their return to their own camp. If it is true that there was a second battle, the balance of advantage may, on the Sunday, have inclined to the side of the North. The Federal loss, which was at first estimated at a few hundreds, has since swelled to 7,000, and the statement that the Confederates suffered still more severely rests wholly on conjecture, or rather on bare assertion. The real significance of the affair consists in the proof which it affords that the Confederate numbers were not sufficient to crush M'CLELLAN. It is still uncertain whether another battle will be fought in defence of Richmond, and if the gun-boats should succeed in passing up the river, the city will probably be abandoned. The enthusiasm of the American organs in England has been curiously illustrated by their comments on the battle of Chickahominy. English sympathizers actually blame M'CLELLAN for censuring the defeated division, and it must be supposed that they hold American accounts to be unduly modest and disparaging to the achievements of the army. Less partial tribunals consider that the admissions even of an untrustworthy witness, when they are against his own interest, may safely be received.

General BUTLER still reigns in New Orleans, and the PRESIDENT is not, thus far, shown to have censured his infamous proclamation. The language of the Northern press on the subject is in the highest degree characteristic. When this document first appeared in an order of the day issued at Corinth, the *New York Times* denounced the atrocity in the most uncompromising language, on the assumption that General BEAUREGARD, who was politely designated as a liar, had forged the proclamation for the purpose of exciting the anger of his troops. A cooler journalist remarked that, if the order was not genuine, it was a singularly accurate imitation of General BUTLER's style. As soon as its authenticity was confirmed, the same paper which had declared that the author of such an outrage ought to be instantly recalled was content to observe that General BUTLER would do well in future to abstain from indiscreet language, which might be open to misrepresentation. The Americans in all their proceedings refuse, with provoking consistency, to play into the hands of their apologists on this side of the water.

The romances which turn on the exploits of the armies are fairly outdone by the statement of the Secretary of the TREASURY. According to the official account, the debt of the United States is still short of 100,000,000^l, and the average interest paid is only 4½ per cent. The Chairman of the Financial Committee not long ago declared, with equal positiveness of assertion, that the daily expenses of the war were 600,000^l. As every farthing of the outlay has been raised by some mode of borrowing, it would seem that the debt incurred during fourteen or fifteen months must at least double the amount which Mr. CHASE thinks it convenient to acknowledge. It has been repeatedly asserted in Congress, without contradiction, by the best authorities on finance, that the debt, by the 1st of July, would reach 240,000,000^l. So vast a difference can only be explained by an arbitrary use of language, which enables the Secretary to confine his statement to one particular class of debt. The assertion that the average

interest is only 4½ per cent. is still more surprising. A year ago, Mr. CHASE effected a large loan at 7½ per cent., and he has never borrowed money permanently by any public operation at a lower rate. If fifty millions entail a charge of more than 3,500,000^l for interest, the remaining fifty millions must, to confirm Mr. CHASE's statement, have been borrowed at the improbable rate of 2 per cent. It is hardly necessary to inquire whether the Federal Government has ever succeeded in effecting a loan on terms so obviously absurd. The certificates of indebtedness, which form a large portion of the public debt, bear an interest of 6 per cent.; and the comparatively easy terms on which they are assured may be explained by the facility with which the contractors who receive them can add to their charges whatever they lose on the Government securities. The only cheap loan which has yet been contracted is the undertaking to meet, at some future time, the obligations which have been incurred in the form of paper money. Promises to pay cost only the paper on which they are written, until it becomes necessary to redeem them. Mr. CHASE may fairly boast that he has taken 30,000,000^l out of the pockets of his countrymen without entailing any annual charge on the Treasury. He may also, perhaps, have profited by the abundance of money which he has created to borrow for a time on securities of the nature of Exchequer Bills, bearing a comparatively low rate of interest. It is not true that the public debt is limited to 100,000,000^l, or that the annual charge is only 4,500,000^l. As the Federal population feels no anxiety about financial difficulties, it seems scarcely worth while to cook the national accounts.

RUSSIA.

THE symptoms of uneasiness which are shown by Russia at this strange and critical moment of her history assume a form which would be almost ludicrous were not the happiness of so many millions of men really at stake. Twice during this week the telegraph has flashed to the West the last piece of Russian news. The first announcement was to the effect that a Sunday School had been closed because the pupils were taught incendiarism as a religious duty, and the second informed us that the Chess Club of St. Petersburg had been compelled to suspend its sittings. Trivial, however, as these facts appear, it is exactly facts like these that show what is really going on among a people like the Russians. They have not yet lost the simplicity and childishness of barbarism, and their minds are bewildered and overpowered by the greatness of the changes that are remoulding their society. The sudden step they have taken towards what in the West we call liberty and progress has not unnaturally been so exciting as to have thrown many minds off their balance. If we could penetrate into the history of that remote Sunday School, and learn how a teacher of youth came to represent it as a good and holy thing that his little flock should stick lighted matches into other people's barns, we should probably find that there was some very simple clue to his thoughts. Property has now, to Russians, a new meaning. For the first time in their memory, it means something which they and their families are not and cannot be. They have awoke to the elementary distinction between persons and things. It is not wonderful, perhaps, that things should seem nothing and persons everything to those who have literally just begun to call their souls their own. On more than one occasion in the history of mankind, a sudden stir of the soul and a new sense of its overwhelming importance has led to a confusion in property. The paltry goods of this world seem valueless to men who live in the next world, and to pass from despising their own goods to dealing rashly with the goods of others is a very easy step. In Russia, the excitement is not exactly religious, but a political excitement is necessarily, in some measure, a religious one at a crisis when the value of a man to himself is the real point at issue, and in a country where religious worship and religious teaching form almost the sole medium by which one mind has been able to communicate with and tell upon another. If the teacher was to teach incendiarism at all, it was probably natural to him to teach it in the Sunday school. That was the day and place which saw the feeble germs of thought stirred up in the breasts of his little savages. If he had persuaded himself that there was wrong being done around him, and that some of the wonderful rights which were knit up, as he conceived, with the personality of men, were being trifled with by the rich, he might, in a dim blind way, feel a sort of title to destroy the goods which their possessors prized above the souls of others. The shock to society which the abolition of serfdom has brought with it

has probably suggested many more strange and terrible delusions than this.

We in the West can only with great difficulty bring ourselves to understand what this shock has been. We know nothing of serfdom except by description, and it seems very simple to abolish a thing of which we have no knowledge, and which we pronounce theoretically bad. Really, however, the change is enormous. It is at once a great moral change, and a great material change. Daily life no longer flows on in the old way. Everyone feels as if the lots of men's fate had been shaken in a bag, and he had drawn one that entitled him to something which he could not make out. When the first gush of trembling excitement is over, the serf finds himself in a very unenviable position. He has lost the leadership and protection to which he has been accustomed; he has to cultivate the soil under quite new conditions; he has to grow a crop in a new way; he is no longer one among a number who husband the produce of a great estate. The estate he works on is his now, and it is a very small one, and all that is grown on it must be grown by him. The first years of emancipation are sure to be years of misery, and many hearts are broken, and hopes baffled, and lives wasted, before society finally shakes down into its new form. On a smaller scale, something of what is going on now in Russia was produced in the Austrian dominions by the sudden emancipation of the peasants from forced labour in 1849. In Transylvania, things are only just beginning to get a little straight again; and the process by which they have got straight is one that would damp the romance of enthusiasts who think that a Freeman with a holding of his own has all that man wants. What has happened in the last twelve years in Transylvania is this—the landowners were suddenly impoverished and crippled, and the peasants were suddenly enriched, as the labour which was the price of the peasants' holding was stopped, and the holding was made over to them, without price or compensation to the former owner. The peasants took their holdings and began to work them. Ignorant of all arts except that of doing the simplest labour, and unaccustomed to the patient industry which can alone make small holdings profitable, they were unequal to meet the most ordinary calamities which the farmer has to face in every country. In order to live, they had to borrow, and the ubiquitous race of Israel was always at hand to lend them money up to the value of their land. The despair of a debtor, and interest at thirty per cent, soon brought on the end, and then the security had to be realized, and the peasant was turned out of his holding. But the Jew did not wish to be a small struggling cultivator, and his simplest plan was to make over, on easy terms, to the old landowner what he had gained so cheaply. Thus, by degrees, the former proprietors have, after much suffering and pinching and anxiety, begun to get back their old estates, and to find at their doors a set of labourers who must hire themselves out if they want to eat. Thus gradually the state of things grows up to what we are accustomed to, and the relation of contract, and not that of bondage, is the one that obtains between the man who owns the soil and the man who tills it. The history of the first years of serf-emancipation is, in that way, the history of the gradual ruin of poor men. In Russia, the same thing has begun to happen that has happened in Transylvania. The first fatal sign has appeared, and the produce of the country has begun to be visibly diminished. The old wealth of corn no longer pours into Odessa from the vast plains of Southern Russia. Ignorant, shiftless men without a rouble in their pockets cannot grow great corn crops, and the large proprietors are short of hands. In the long run, the strong peasants will learn the use of their possessions, and the weak ones will get weeded out. But meanwhile Russia has much to suffer. This process of weeding out the poor and weak is not a very pleasant one when it goes on upon an enormous scale.

And in Russia changes are taking place, not at one point only, but at all, or at almost all. Except that the old orthodox faith remains unshaken, everything is troubled and disturbed. The Court, the aristocracy, the dwellers in large towns are all imbued with new notions, and feel new aspirations. The Grand Duke CONSTANTINE goes to Poland as the herald and founder of a policy of conciliation. The Old Russian party is said to have faded away as completely as the Old Tory party in England. Every one is liberal, progressive, and full of Western ideas. This movement may be perfectly real and genuine, and yet it may be exposed to many fluctuations. We may be sure that everything will not go on smoothly. The first duty of a Government is to exist, and it is hard for a liberal Government to maintain its existence in

the face of a people agitated by new hopes and wishes, and too backward to understand what Government implies. The greatest puzzle of the wise comes from silly people thinking everything easy. There are sure to be crowds of shallow politicians in Russian towns who are convinced they can tell the EMPEROR exactly what he ought to do, and whose simple scheme will consist in some craze that would soon do away with Emperors altogether. A Government in a young country cannot always afford to ignore such people. It is obliged every now and then to set them straight. We do not much wonder that the Chess Club has been closed, and that the sucking statesmen who frequent it have been forbidden for awhile to devise each man his own pet form of revolution and anarchy. In Poland there will soon, we may guess, be specks of cloud in the sunny sky of the GRAND DUKE's liberalism. The Poles must be very much changed if they can be made rational and free all at once; and a nation that has got to think it looks interesting in mourning is not likely to own that all its griefs are cured by the little that ALEXANDER can really concede at present, if Poland is still to be his. We may expect some sort of reaction in Russia if the Poles grow discontented, and manage to interest Europe in their discontent, and if the stability of the Government is threatened at home, and the distress caused by the emancipation increases, as it is likely to do. We need not be surprised at some abatement in the present enthusiasm of Russia for the ideas of Western Europe. A country like Russia, and a man in the position of the Czar, ought to be judged, not by isolated events and acts—not by the closing of a club or the suppression of a journal—but by a large and general standard. If, on the whole, in the next quarter of a century, Russia makes a perceptible advance towards a free condition and a just policy, the historian of the future will, if he is a sensible man, pronounce himself satisfied, and will give the praise they deserve to the sons of NICHOLAS.

MR. DISRAELI.

A PAMPHLET has recently been published with the title, *Mr. Gladstone's Finance*. It is the republication of Mr. DISRAELI's twin speeches of 1860 and 1862, in which he criticizes the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER's two Budgets. As Mr. DISRAELI throws down the glove in this formal way, we may be allowed to seize the occasion of asking of what definite principles he is himself the champion. A medical journal has recently given us a sketch of Lord PALMERSTON from a characteristic point of view. Our contemporary attempts a diagnosis of the active PREMIER, and pronounces him to be a physiological phenomenon. He is a model and an example, as a man no less than as a politician. He is an illustrated copy of CICERO *De Senectute*. Is it not possible to survey the leader of the Opposition as illustrating cognate laws of ethical nosology, under conditions singularly favourable to their full development? Mr. DISRAELI, as a moral phenomenon, affords a study quite as valuable as Lord PALMERSTON's exceptional physiological excellence. After a political career of nearly sixty years, Lord PALMERSTON illustrates the importance of a good digestion, and of a healthy state of the biliary functions. After nearly thirty years of public activity, Mr. DISRAELI still lives to show how a functional derangement in morality lasts a statesman throughout life, and stands him in evil stead to the last. Age falls lightly on the body trained by exercise and sobriety; but an early blight visits the most promising talents and varied acquirements when there is no honesty to back them. There can be but one opinion of Mr. DISRAELI's powers. The very fact that his personal antecedents were unfavourable—that in literature, in journalism, and at his first start in public life, he committed as many follies and extravagances, and was guilty of as gross perfidy in his abandonment of his earliest professions, as man could well perpetrate—and that he has surmounted these barriers to fame, shows his power. But the more we exaggerate his gifts, the more severely must we criticize his graces. One virtue he has to perfection—he is at least consistent, with an undeviating perseverance, in political perfidy, and he has steadily persisted in damaging whatever party he has attached himself to. In every event of life he has contrived to use or to abuse his political connexions for his own ends. He only quarrelled with Radicalism because he could not make a tool of it for his own aggrandizement. His personal encounters with O'CONNELL were intended to recommend him to Sir ROBERT PEEL; and his desertion of that great Minister, and his unscrupulous malignity in attempting to hunt him to death, show a character which only took up party ties, or party duties, or party principles, for his own purposes. If, as Finance Minister under Lord DERBY, or as a leader of the

wishes, it implies. Many people crowds of men they and whose soon do in a young people. It is We do not and that edition for be specks liberalism, be made to think in that all man really We may be discontent, and some, and it is likely to be in Europe. The Czar, not by a large quarter of is a free will, if will give

the title, nation of which he Budgets. In a natural way, king of champion. A sketch of view. REMIER, n. He is a politi- cte. Is an illus- conditions. Mr. Dis- is val- uence. ERSTON healthy years of a func- tions throughout slightly early elements be but that his nature, committed to gross as man carriers gifts, due he un- ready himself or to a tool enters to Sir and, and m to s, or II, as of the

Opposition, he has since 1852 exhibited less of his real character, it is only because he has had few special opportunities for showing himself. But we must do him the justice to say that he is always equal to the occasion for displaying the real man. Such an occasion has just occurred; and he has not been wanting to himself. He uses the party which he ostensibly leads, just as he used O'CONNELL or PEEL, or would have used Lord GEORGE BENTINCK.

The use which he recently made of the great party which sits opposite to the Treasury Benches—for it can scarcely be called an Opposition—is, in fact, the most remarkable proof that Mr. DISRAELI's is a consistent character. As far as party has any meaning, the thing is, for the time, extinct in England; but Mr. DISRAELI understands, better than his followers—because they do possess certain old-fashioned virtues of honour and principle—the value of party animosity. Mr. WALPOLE, and, we presume, Lord DERBY, when they permitted or originated the policy of submitting an amendment on Mr. STANSFIELD's motion, avowed that they did not intend to upset the Ministry. It is possible that the occasion was only accepted by the Conservatives as affording an opportunity of setting themselves right with the country as to the meaning of that untoward phrase, "bloated armaments." At least we can well understand how necessary it was, somehow or other, to reconcile Mr. DISRAELI's sarcasm with Sir JOHN PAKINGTON's perennial claim of having commenced the reconstruction of the British navy. It is likely enough that the real history of Mr. WALPOLE's amendment will never be told—perhaps because there is no history to tell. The only political value of the late ombroglie among the Conservatives is the light that it throws on Mr. DISRAELI's character. *Qualis ab incepto.* He has not degenerated. Even where there is neither party nor partisanship, there is room for Mr. DISRAELI. Both sides of the House are at one on questions of political economy; for, at least since 1852, we have not heard a whisper of Protection, nor even of the five-shilling duty which was talked about when squires were to be conciliated, ten years ago, at the county hustings. With only a factitious and half-hearted pretence of entertaining Papal sympathies—for, with the Conservatives in office, we should hear as much about sympathies with ANTONELLI or Sir GEORGE BOWTYER as with the King of DAHOMEY—and with a prudent reluctance on the Opposition Benches to rouse up such domestic matters as Education, Church-rates, or Petovian reforms, there is absolutely no question whatever, foreign or domestic, upon which there is any substantial difference of opinion between the two sides of the House. There is no reason why one-half of the present Ministers and one-half of the late Ministers should not sit in the same Cabinet, except the existence of Mr. DISRAELI. It is in the nature of things and of men that, in this absence of party, Mr. DISRAELI, who is the impersonation of party for party's sake, should be eager to produce his own principle and his own policy. What he uses his followers for is to assume the attitude of an opposition which they do not feel, to pretend to a difference of principle which does not exist, and to simulate a claim to office which they do not desire to urge. Merely to disunite, to disorganize, and to disturb, is his policy. To hint, and whisper, and insinuate a censure which the Conservatives do not feel to be just—to hamper and shackle the usefulness of a Ministry whose worst fault is that it is not their own—is the line which he asks his friends to adopt. And when the crisis comes—when patriotism and duty are appealed to—and when Mr. WALPOLE, because he feels what the country and his own character demand, declines to adopt a move the success of which would be precisely what he says he does not wish—there is nothing left for it but for Mr. DISRAELI to turn upon Mr. WALPOLE the venomous rancour with which he visited Sir ROBERT PEEL for having found him out. If a statesman will not consent to be Mr. DISRAELI's lever for lifting him into office, he must reckon upon the vitriol bottle. Perhaps the time is not distant when the English Conservatives will discover that they pay a heavy rental for the leadership of Mr. DISRAELI. At this very moment, they would be in Downing Street were it not for the leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons.

In foreign policy, would the Conservatives dare, or would they desire, to reinstate the King of NAPLES? Would they adopt any other course than that of the present Government with regard to America? The choice, to be sure, is open to them to disendow Maynooth or the Godless Colleges. Would they, however, though an attitude of negotiation costs nothing, sign articles either with Mr. WHALLEY or Major O'REILLY? It is convenient to hold out baits to the Manchester School; but would they place office at Mr. CORDEN's disposal? The real opponents of the Government scheme

of Education complain loudly that they have taken nothing by Mr. WALPOLE's compromise; and the Church Institute assures us that Mr. SOTHERON ESTCOURT's Church-Rate project is little, if at all, better than Sir JOHN TRELAWNY's. It is easy enough to publish a knagging pamphlet as a *Review of Mr. Gladstone's Finance, by the Right Hon. B. Disraeli*; but as yet we have heard no pledge that, if the critic were Chancellor of the Exchequer, he would repeal the Income-tax, and rescind the contracts for building iron ships. We are told that it is our duty to enter into the closest relations with "that Prince;" but if the question came whether we should allow Imperial France, even by universal suffrage, to fulfil its destiny in Sardinia or Belgium, would even Lord MALMESBURY content himself with inditing despatches in that English which he blames the Civil Service Commissioners for discouraging? On not one of these questions can Mr. DISRAELI venture to announce a policy opposed to that of the Government. There is no issue upon which to go to the country, because there is no difference of principle; and a change of Government on no principle is what Mr. WALPOLE declines to be a party to.

Hence Mr. DISRAELI's malignity towards his colleague. The difference between them is only that which is to be expected when there is honour and morality, personal as well as political, on one side, and Mr. DISRAELI on the other. And there is another difference. Mr. WALPOLE knows and admits that Conservative policy is a policy of compromise. He has acted up to his convictions in the conduct of the Education question, and in the matter of Sir MORTON PETO's Bill. Mr. DISRAELI's policy is to say one thing and to do another—to hold out promises which he never intends to fulfil. For example, at Aylesbury, some time back, he declared himself pledged to maintaining Church-Rates; and yet, in *A Political Biography*, he praises Lord GEORGE BENTINCK for demanding an equitable revision of the Tithe Commutation Act—the equity consisting in making the parsons pay the squires for the repeal of the Corn Laws. At the same time and place, in resisting the abolition of Church-Rates, he claimed it as his special mission "to consecrate Society" and sanctify the State." This tall talk was talked last winter. It is now scarcely midsummer, and we find him ready to lure, or be lured, by the Pope's friends in the House of Commons. In like manner, on a second occasion, Mr. DISRAELI would have consented to—nay, would have welcomed—the phenomenon of Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. BENTINCK in the same lobby, so that he could have kissed hands ten days afterwards. However, there is at least hope that we have come to the end of a disgraceful chapter in our Parliamentary history. The recent attempt at a crisis shows that the Country Party decline to be used only to give Mr. DISRAELI a few months' lodgings in the Exchequer. For ten years, the chief actor in the tragicomedy which succeeded in 1852 has been in constant practice for a second appearance on the stage; for we hardly consider the last presentation of a DERBY Ministry as more than a dress rehearsal. Mr. DISRAELI has certainly been true to himself—he now complains that his colleagues are not true to him. He can solace himself with inventing epigrams against them; and the "Bolting of the Favourite" shows both vitality of spleen and unimpaired powers of secreting personal venom. The Traitor of Tamworth was not a bad nickname, viewed as a specimen of spite and alliteration. We have yet hopes of a Philippic which will fling caustic jokes against Mr. WALPOLE's honesty, just as Fox's ribald jesters used to twit PITT with his personal purity of life.

THE LAND OF THE FREE.

THERE are great advantages in being a professional Friend of Freedom. When once you have pronounced the democratic shibboleth, and have graduated in the highest degrees of Advanced Liberalism, you immediately enjoy an immunity from the restraints to which neophytes and novices in the same school are liable. You have risen above the beggarly elements of Liberalism, and are a law unto yourself. You may back up any cause, or admire any policy, which for motives of public or private interest it may please you to take up, without being exposed to the reproaches, which would assuredly be heaped on the head of any politician whose love of freedom was less indisputable. So long as you are a babe in the democratic faith, you must observe the letter of its precepts, and at least profess to disapprove of all tyrannical proceedings. But this restraint will only last till you have proved in some manner or other the extreme character of your opinions. When you have fairly established yourself as an Ultra-Liberal champion you may venture on greater lati-

tude. If your partisans in any part of the world should think it for the good of their party, and of democracy in general, to gag newspapers, or to arrest and imprison citizens wholesale without trial, or to suppress Legislatures by main force, or to appoint a general of division to superintend elections, or to falsify intelligence, or to doctor public accounts, or in any other legitimate manner to make the acquiescence of public opinion in their proceedings as unanimous as it ought to be, there is not the least reason why you should turn your back upon your friends for such trifles. There are several ways in which you can reconcile an admiration for such proceedings with your well-known love of liberty. You may dwell with enthusiasm upon the perfect equality which is involved in the common liability of everybody to be sent to prison; and you may point out how much superior this social liberty is to the political liberties of England. Or you may congratulate the world upon each new severity as a fresh instance of the omnipotence of the ballot-box, and the majesty of "universal suffrage." Or you may dismiss the whole matter as a "moral convulsion," and a "regenerative process." But it will always be due to your character to conclude with a vigorous denunciation of the minions of aristocracy who refuse to recognise and to admire these new developments of the beauty and the might of freedom. And you will be in a much better position to inveigh against the atrocious treason of "rebels" and "insurgents," than if you had been tainted with the suspicion of moderate opinions upon the subject of the rights of man. In the same way, it is a great advantage to be a member of the Peace Society, as it enables you to support any war of peculiar blood-thirstiness and atrocity, from which those whose love of peace is not so well-attested shrink back with loathing.

The advocates of the Federal invasion which is now desolating some of the most fertile regions of the earth evidently think that there is no good in having a character unless you make some use of it. They have defended the tyrannous acts of President LINCOLN's Government with as little inconvenience from a sense of shame as they have experienced in eulogizing the Imperial Government of Paris. The deliberate suppression of all independent news that may enlighten the sovereign people as to the deeds of its servants, the burking of all journalists who question their policy, the atrocious acts of power committed in Baltimore and New Orleans against women who have dared to express an opinion of their own, have elicited from the Ultra-Liberal champions of the North nothing but applause. This course of action has hitherto been easy enough when once the difficulty arising from a too fastidious recollection of former principles has been overcome, because hitherto the repressive vigour of the Government has stifled all expressions of dissent from its measures in the Federal States themselves. But the American Government, though it has made great progress in the course of a single year, has not yet reached to the point of absolute and complete repression. It has got as far as the meridian of France, but not as far as the meridian of Russia. It manipulates elections with considerable success, and with more openness than the EMPEROR ventures to practise. General DIX's performances in Maryland have had no parallel in France. But, like the Emperor of the FRENCH, it cannot as yet dispense with the formalities of a representative government. Again, following the example of the EMPEROR, it is obliged to draw a distinction between newspapers and pamphlets. It is completely master of the newspapers. No journalist ventures to reflect on the policy of the war, no correspondent dares to publish a defeat. Federal victories are multiplied at pleasure; and the Federal debt is cut down as low as it is thought that the elasticity of American credulity will permit. But the pamphlets, like the pamphlets in Paris, are somewhat more free. Through this outlet, accordingly, the deep apprehensions, which are felt by those whose love of liberty is less malleable than that of our English democrats, are beginning to make their way. The speech which Mr. WOOD did not venture to pronounce, but which he has been allowed to publish, is a proof that the outrageous abuses of power which have been charged against the American Executive are no figment of English imaginations. Mr. WOOD is no enemy to republicanism, and hates England so heartily that he would gladly repel English accusations if he could. Yet nothing stronger than his language has ever been written here: —

"Already, with one year's bitter experience, we have beheld some of the dearest privileges of American citizenship wrested from our grasp. And how long, at the same rate, before, upon the convenient plea of necessity, shall we be stripped of other rights which heretofore have made us deem ourselves freemen? How long, while personal liberty even now depends on the nod of an official? How long, while free-born American citizens can be left to languish in bastiles,

"beyond the reach of the constituted tribunals of the land and at the mercy of the Executive? How long, while the press, the guardian of liberty, the friend of the masses, is shackled, gagged, cowed down to sullen silence, or, worse yet, become the minion of a party? How long, while voters are arrested at the polls by military process, and legislators are hurried off to prison before they can assume their sacred functions? How long, while the partisans of the abolition party are coining money out of the blood of their countrymen, parading their showy patriotism, and shouting 'Union,' with their arms up to the elbows in the public Treasury? How long, sir, will the people of the North, taxed beyond endurance, robbed and cheated by an ever-craving horde of political hyenas — how long will they have a choice between freedom and anarchy, between a republic and a despotism? Alas! we still cling to the name of a republic, but have we the reality? It is entirely at the option of one man, or of a council of men, whether the citizen shall breathe in freedom 'the free air of Heaven. At the 'open sesame' of the Executive, the gloomy portals of the Bastiles La Fayette or Warren will gape to receive him. And this is the Republic I was taught to love."

These excesses of power are not likely to abate. If American statesmen have recurred to them so promptly to root out a few scattered antagonists in a population generally loyal, what will they do when they have to govern a bitterly hostile nation? The task of collecting taxes peculiarly vexatious from a population of exasperated enemies scattered over a vast expanse of territory, will be the first that will test the powers of the statesmen of Washington, whenever their confident predictions of reconquering the South shall have been fulfilled. If they have been forced to grasp at all the well-known implements of tyranny, in order to govern a people almost exclusively consisting of their own partisans, before a single tax was laid on, what are they likely to do when all these conditions shall be reversed? We have seen what they have done on a small scale, in districts where the Southern feeling does not reach to its full intensity. We are in possession of the views of the Northern generals at Norfolk and New Orleans, both with respect to the freedom of the press and individual freedom of speech. Is the administrative pattern they have set to be followed in all the towns which the Federal forces shall conquer? There is no reason for governing New Orleans upon General BUTLER's principles which will not exist in full force whenever the war shall be nominally concluded. The feelings of the Southern ladies will assuredly not be less bitter after they have been for a twelvemonth or so "treated as women of the town, plying their avocation" by the officers and soldiers of the Federal army. The principal citizens of Norfolk are never likely to love the Federals more for the associations with which their presence in Virginia will be remembered. The destruction of their trade, wantonly inflicted, and the desolation of their country by armies of occupation, have not hitherto been effectual for reviving the extinct loyalty of a revolted population. In neither case can a military necessity be pleaded for the severity of the measures that have been taken. There is no pretence in either city of any risk of recapture, or any danger from conspiracy. The Federal occupation would be quite as safe, whatever sympathies the *New Orleans Delta* or the *Norfolk Bee* might show, or whatever sarcasms the New Orleans ladies might utter. The Federal measures have been acts, not of precaution, but of revenge; and, as they have been sanctioned by the Administration at Washington, they may be taken as a fair augury of the kind of Government which is destined for the reconquered Southern States. Whenever the reconquest shall have been effected, the tenure of the Federals will not be more secure than it is in the cities they now occupy, and the bitterness of the population will be fully as intense. Mr. WOOD may well recoil from the prospect, not only financial, but political, which is opening before his country. The specimens of its political philosophy which the Washington Government has given may well alarm him. It is not likely that statesmen will tolerate democratic license, or even constitutional liberty, on one side of the Ohio or the Alleghanies, who are governing by proclamations of the WOOD and BUTLER type upon the other. And it is upon the temper of the Government at Washington that the liberties of the North absolutely depend. President LINCOLN has satisfactorily proved by experiment that there is no authority and no law competent to resist his despotic will, if he only pleases to exert it. The highest judges in the land have tried to check him in his illegal action, and have failed. His simple fist has even been held to be a sufficient plea in bar to a civil action against an officer of the Executive. His absolute independence of Congress has been demonstrated

again and again. Whether the strangled freedom of America be permitted to revive depends wholly upon his inclinations; and what those inclinations are, he has shown at Norfolk and New Orleans. The new developments of freedom in America will be interesting to watch, to those who are not charged with the onerous duty of justifying them here. We fear that the embarrassments of our Federalist friends in England will multiply somewhat rapidly whenever what is to be called peace shall be established. But their ingenuity has already triumphed over greater difficulties, and will come victoriously out of this trial. We do not doubt that whatever freaks of despotism the Washington Government may commit, they will be satisfactorily vindicated in England as splendid triumphs of democratic freedom.

SPIRITUAL BILLINGSGATE.

IF the Papal Allocutions of the last three years were collected in a neatly bound volume, they would form a curious and not uninteresting compilation. These extraordinary compositions are a perfectly unique class of literature. Whether regarded as State papers or as Christian pastorals, it may safely be said that they are like no other kind of composition known to modern Europe. Furiously abusive, pitifully lachrymose, childishly illogical, and sometimes (to put it mildly) sublimely indifferent to all petty distinctions between fact and fiction, these singular orations indicate a state of mind which, happily for mankind, is rarely found in conjunction with sovereign power. The Pope is always in a passion, always screaming at the top of his voice, always blubbering like an ill-conditioned infant, always scolding like a fish-wife. He pitches into his political adversaries like a Tartar mandarin of the old school railing at barbarians and foreign devils, and curses them in a style which has no historical precedent except in the familiar discourse of Corporal Trum's companions in arms in Flanders. Never by any chance does the Holy Father so far forget himself as to wander within the boundaries of propriety, good sense, and common charity. One vainly seeks, in these wonderful documents, for any trace either of the dignity of the sovereign prince, or the prudence of the statesman, or the meekness of the Christian divine. As it is difficult to imagine that this peculiar description of composition is henceforth susceptible of any further development—and, in fact, the ceaseless self-repetition which has long characterized the Pontifical performances indicates that poverty of invention which sometimes accompanies undue vehemence of feeling—it may be hoped that the day is now not far distant when the final close of the series will induce some industrious collector to make a valuable addition to our stock of literary curiosities.

The Allocution which has just been delivered to the four hundred prelates assembled to assist at the canonization of the Japanese martyrs is, as might have been expected, a remarkably rich specimen of the class to which it belongs. His HOLINESS was in the best of moods for speaking out the whole of his mind, and exhausting the utmost resources of that ecclesiastical Latin so rich in superlatives. Spiritual, like spirituous, excitement usually unites the tongue, and brings out a man's best or worst with unwonted force. The gorgeous ceremonial in which the PONTIFF had just been playing the chief part had naturally worked up his mind to the highest point of tension. The fifteen thousand candles and the fifty thousand worshippers, the incense, the music, and the other accessories of a spectacle which carried even the sober and prosaic *Times*' Correspondent fairly off his feet, must have told powerfully on the weak and febrile mental organization of the leading performer. Of course he cannot have been wholly unconscious of the old conventional fiction to which he was a party, when, in pursuance of the programme, he shammed hesitation about complying with a demand dictated by himself, and entreated the fervent prayers of the faithful that he might be divinely guided to a foregone conclusion. So delicate, however, are the gradations by which, in some minds, hypocrisy shades off into fanaticism, that it is quite credible that he may have devoutly believed, in a dreamy sort of way, in the magic virtues of his own artistically prearranged *Decernimus*. Accordingly, strong in the faith that the cause of God's Vicar on Earth had suddenly been reinforced by as many as twenty-seven new intercessors at the Court of Heaven, and warmed by the living presence of such an episcopal gathering as Rome had never seen before, the Holy Father launched out in a style which far transcends all his former efforts in the same line. Fast, fierce, and furious rolled forth the torrent of vituperative epithets. To use the decorous comparison of the assembled prelates in their reply, it was a regular "Pentecostal" outpouring of

bad language. The adversaries of a particular form of misgovernment in Central Italy are roundly denounced as "enemies of the Cross of Christ," "impious and impudent," "crafty artificers of fraud and fabricators of lies," expert practitioners of "diabolical arts," and accomplices in a "notorious alliance" for "upsetting the foundations of religion and society." They "diffuse a deadly poison, to the destruction of souls, exercise an unbridled licentiousness of life and depraved desires, invert social and religious order, and endeavour to extinguish every idea of justice, truth, right, honesty, and religion, and deride, despise, oppose the most sacred dogmas of Christ." In his divine rage, the Holy Father piles on the enemies of his temporal rule accusations of all the heresies known to theological science. The same impious wretches who dare to think that the people of Rome might be better governed by statesmen than by priests "do not fear 'most audaciously to deny all truth and all law, power, and right to be of divine origin.' Positively, they "do not blush to assert that the knowledge of philosophical subjects and of 'morals, as also civil laws, are independent of divine revelation and of the authority of the Church." They are, in fact, Atheists. They are Pantheists. They are Hegelians. They follow STRAUSS, and turn the highest verities of the Christian faith into a mythical fiction. "They endeavour to attack Heaven itself, and take away God Himself from the midst of it." They assert that "spirit and matter, necessity and liberty, true and false, good and evil, just and unjust, are the same; than which certainly nothing more mad, nothing more impious, nothing more repugnant to reason itself, can ever be imagined or devised." They even go the length of arguing for religious toleration, and maintain that every man ought to be suffered to "think and speak freely of religion, and to worship God in the way best suited to his inclinations." There is no conceivable or inconceivable wickedness or profanity which has not a place in the preternaturally composite creed of those blasphemers who hold that the inhabitants of Rome are entitled to a better government than that which Cardinal ANTONELLI administers under the protection of French bayonets.

Oddly enough, however, even the author of this tremendous invective does not venture actually to affirm that the most important of the tenets which the "enemies of the Cross of Christ" deny is an article of the Christian faith, or a dogma of the Church. Neither in the Allocution itself nor in the highly appropriate reply of the four hundred bishops is it pretended that the temporal power of the Pope is anything more than a useful or necessary condition of the due exercise of his spiritual functions. "We do not hesitate to declare," say the assembled prelates, echoing the language of their Head, "that in the present state of human affairs, this temporal sovereignty is absolutely requisite for the good of the Church and the free government of souls. It is assuredly necessary that the Roman Pontiff, chief of all the Church, should be neither the subject nor even the guest of any prince, but that," &c. That is all. The temporal power is simply a means to an end; and consequently, the question whether it is an indispensable or effectual means may be legitimately debated even by those who are agreed in desiring the end. It is justified as a "necessity," and a thing "established by the manifest design of Divine Providence;" but it remains open to human reason to doubt the necessity, and no theological system pronounces it a sin to be unable to perceive Providential designs which may be manifest to some minds but not to others. The same evidence which is used to prove the manifest design of Divine Providence in favour of perpetuating priestly government at Rome, also proves it to be the manifest design of Divine Providence that that government should be intensely hated by its subjects, and should be unable to exist from day to day without the support of a foreign garrison which may at any moment be withdrawn; and under such circumstances, the argument from manifest design cannot be said to be so irresistibly strong as to warrant Pontifical anathemas on those who fail to appreciate its force. Even a belief in the virtues of the mystic syllables which instantaneously promoted the beatified twenty-seven to the rank of full saints is logically compatible with the opinion that the Pope's subjects are shockingly ill-governed, and that it is desirable and right that the city of Rome should be the capital of the Kingdom of Italy.

This is, in truth, the only serious comment which the dispassionate lay critic will care to make on the tissue of anile feebleness and fury which constitutes the latest utterance of the Pontifical mind. No design of Divine Providence can possibly be more manifest than the sad and sober fact that the author of this silly and angry tirade is hopelessly unfit to be

entrusted with political power over any number of his fellow-creatures. If any apology were needed for the revolution which has deprived the Pope of the greater part of his dominions, and which aims at extinguishing the last miserable remnant of his temporal authority, it is to be found in a public document which, alike in matter and in manner, would disgrace the worst Minister of the worst-managed State in Christendom. There is no need to look further. Nothing can be more certain than that a government administered in the temper of this Papal Allocution, and presided over by its author, must be indescribably and unbearably bad, and that no imaginable change can fail to better the condition of its victims. There may be good ecclesiastical reasons why the inhabitants of the Roman territory should be made miserable in this world, in order to facilitate the working of a machinery assumed to be conducive to the spiritual well-being of mankind collectively; but it is at least permissible to secular politicians to point to the undoubted fact that the arrangement is intolerably cruel to those whom it more immediately concerns.

THE POWER OF THE PURSE.

THE new financial system which M. FOULD has introduced in France has, like most French arrangements, a marvellous appearance of scientific accuracy. If the Japanese Ambassadors had taken to studying so abstruse a subject, they would probably have come to the conclusion that the Imperial theory of financial administration is far more philosophical and perfect than the rough practical method by which the expenditure of our Government and the taxation of the people are brought effectually under the control of a popular representative assembly. The only difference between the two systems which we can point to with satisfaction is, that our crude machinery does secure a real control, while the elaborate theory of our more scientific neighbours comes at last to little else than the Imperial will.

On paper there is really little fault to be found with the new financial Constitution of France. The budget is framed by a Minister of Finance whose relative position in the Cabinet is far higher than that of our Chancellor of the EXCHEQUER. It is presented to the Chamber to be voted, not indeed with the minute appropriation of items which is practised by all English departments except the Board of Admiralty, but still in sections sufficiently distinguished to prevent any considerable juggling by the familiar device of transferring credits from one branch of expenditure to another. Then comes a stage which is altogether wanting in our Parliamentary arrangements—the reference of the Budget to Commissions authorized to inquire into every detail, to suggest amendments, to settle compromises with the Ministers of the EMPEROR, and to present the whole financial scheme to the Assembly in a remodelled shape for their final acceptance. The party speeches which are made on every English Budget when there is a prospect of displacing a Ministry, will not compare for a moment, in philosophical acumen, with the reports of a French Commission. All the details of a financial scheme are accepted with us, almost as a matter of course, on the responsibility of Ministers, if only the Cabinet happens to be strong enough to repel a general onslaught by the forces of the Opposition. If a vote here and there is reduced or rejected, this generally happens from the carelessness which excessive security fosters in the Government whips; and the broad result is, that any Ministry which can resist a vote of want of confidence has *carte blanche* to frame the working arrangements of the Budget very much at its own will and pleasure. Finance, in short, is regarded rather as an element of general policy than as a matter to be discussed and settled upon principles of its own.

The recent Reports of two Parliamentary Commissions show how entirely different the French plan is. The Government had proposed to increase some taxes, to give additional stringency to the collection of certain imposts which were commonly evaded, and to vary the incidence of others. By another project, the amount of the expenditure already authorized for the current year was proposed to be increased more than 10 per cent. to provide for subsequent contingencies and extravagances. Each of these projects was referred to a Commission, and not an item was allowed to pass without an elaborate discussion of the first principles of financial policy, and a minute examination of the probable consequences of each variation. Nor was this a mere sham revision. Important changes have been introduced by the Commission, and submitted to by the Government; and the Imperial proposals have come back to the Chamber with their defects weeded out, and their principles settled on a philoso-

phical basis, such as no Chancellor of the Exchequer—not even Mr. GLADSTONE in his most ambitious mood—ever dreams of presenting as the foundation of his own financial proposals. So far as the power of modifying the plans of the Government implies control, there is real Parliamentary control in France; and for scientific discussion of all the considerations that weigh for or against any separate project of taxation, the reports of these Commissioners are in theory quite unrivalled.

After condensing the idea of the new law of Finance into the formula—"No more deficits—No loan—Restored credit," the Commission on the Budget for 1863 proceeds to deliver itself of a series of well-reasoned essays on all the matters as to which any modifications have been proposed. The text of the first of these is furnished by M. FOULD's estimate of 10,000,000 francs as the sum to be realized by greater severity in preventing fraudulent evasions of taxation in respect of the transfer of real property. Such transfers are subject to taxes like the *ad valorem* duties which are so painfully familiar to all purchasers of land in England; and in both countries the same difficulty is felt in ascertaining with certainty the real amount of the consideration on such transactions. To meet frauds on the revenue, which are now common enough in both countries, the French Government proposed a system of notarial inquisitions, backed by a graduated scale of fines. Upon this the Commission entertains the broad question whether evasions of this kind ought to be checked by official valuations, by the moral pressure of oaths and declarations, by the enforcement of penalties both on the vendor and the purchaser, or by the plan which works with considerable effect in England—the nullification of the instrument on which the due amount of taxation has not been paid to the State. After minute consideration, valuations are rejected as impracticable; the moral sentiment is pronounced to be too weak to render official oaths and declarations of much avail; the justice of imposing penalties on the seller is questioned; and the annulling of instruments for purposes of taxation is declared to be an objectionable subordination of the civil to the fiscal law. A number of other devices are considered and rejected, and, finally, the whole subject is remitted to the Government for further consideration. With equal elaboration, the proposals for additional taxes on salt, on sugar, on carriages, and other matters, are discussed. The Ministers are summoned to defend their plans, serious modifications are introduced, and the whole scheme is sent back after such a theoretical sifting as no English Budget was ever exposed to. All this looks very much like effective control, exercised in the most rational and judicial spirit; and yet the end is certain to be that the Government spends what it desired to spend, and, by some means or other, is supplied with the necessary funds.

The Commission on the Supplementary Budget is even more philosophical and less effective than that which took in hand the arrangements proposed for the expenses of the coming year. The Report begins with the solemn enunciation of the principle that no supplementary credits can be opened without the sanction of the Legislative Body. The necessity of providing for unforeseen contingencies is demonstrated at ample length. The history of the abortive attempts made from time to time to check official extravagance is detailed with as much frankness as in the celebrated letter which elevated M. FOULD to his present position. The course of Imperial legislation on the subject up to the magnanimous renunciation of impracticable powers by the decree of December, 1861, is duly sketched, and the perfect working of the new system is confidently predicted—subject only to the confession that the best institutions are of little avail unless the powers of the State are penetrated with their spirit, and resolved to carry them out with sincerity and good faith. The admirable good sense and the obvious sincerity of the long sermon with which the Commission prepares for its work is in curious contrast with the ultimate result—that the EMPEROR has asked for an addition of 7,000,000. to the expenditure already sanctioned, and there is no choice but to let the EMPEROR have it. Even this large sum includes but a fraction of the outlay which has since been declared to be essential for the salvation of the expeditionary army in Mexico; and the earnest aspirations of the Commission that the sum then proposed might prove sufficient to cover the cost of the war which the EMPEROR had commenced were not published until the amount of the claims on that account had been quadrupled, with the prospect of a constantly increasing series of demands to sustain a policy which belongs to no party in France, except the EMPEROR himself and a knot of Mexican refugees.

Ineffectual as the efforts of the Legislative Body are to check

extravagance, there is no reason to doubt either the completeness of the financial system or the earnestness with which the Assembly seeks to find in it an effective means of control. The moral is, that without political influence mere financial rights are of no avail to a popular body until the times are ripe for actual revolution. The power of the purse is in theory supposed to be a sufficient engine to restrain the encroachments of an arbitrary Sovereign, but the refusal of supplies is impossible in practice unless there is a reserve of material force behind to give effect to the constitutional menace. When political and financial authority are wielded by the same body, extravagance can always be checked at its source, by modifying the political principles from which it springs, or by changing the inefficient administrators by whom it may have been caused. So, too, in times of conflict, the right to control taxation is of inestimable value, as giving legality to physical resistance which would otherwise want its chief moral support. But, by itself, the most absolute authority to reject Imperial Budgets is little more than a mockery, and the probable failure of M. FOULD's attempt to restore order to the finances of France will be due, not to the defects of the system he has established, but to the inherent vice of the Imperial system, which absorbs all political and material power in the hands of a single man. When the Emperor NAPOLEON made his famous financial concessions, he probably had the sagacity to foresee that, by themselves, they would deprive him of no iota of his power. Whether he looked far enough into the future to discern the possibility of their becoming the means of strengthening and legalizing an opposition of a different character, it would be useless to hazard an opinion.

AFTER DINNER.

WE begin to know by this time what dinner reforms are possible, and what are not. A little while ago there was a very earnest discussion going on in the newspapers as to the folly or wisdom of everybody having dinners cut after the same pattern. Mr. Thackeray has often poured out the cup of his wrath upon those Baker-street sort of people who insist on trying to vie with their betters, and who send round sham footmen to pour out sham wine into the glasses of friends who each go through the same sort of sham in their own houses. The reformers thought it possible to take up the same notion in a more serious form, and to persuade poor people to have simple dinners and maids to wait on them. There were the most charming pictures drawn of an accomplished host and hostess at each end, and a goose and sirloin in the middle; and enthusiasts wrote up to say that they had tried the thing, and found it answer admirably. One hermit especially wrote from Derbyshire that he had long given unpretending dinners with great success. He merely offered his friends a little trout from the Dove, some mountain mutton, some madeira that had been twice round the world, and some of the best claret going. With this dinner of herbs the Derbyshire philosopher was content, and contented his simple-hearted friends. But it would not do. People owned the absurdity of cutting all dinners after the same pattern; but they would not alter their ways, for the plain reason that there is no definite line in society on the one side of which people will confess they are humble, and on the other side of which people are admitted to be grand. The only real improvements that can be made in dinner arrangements are those which can be set and followed by people with large establishments, and which are recognised as convenient and comfortable by all classes. A striking instance of such a change has been presented in the introduction of dinners served in the Russian manner. This is an obvious gain to every one. It adds greatly to the beauty and comfort of the feast, and it puts those who are inclined to economise in the way of saving an honest penny. There is also a reform which might easily be made, which has everything to recommend it, and which would suit all orders of people alike. It is that all the party should leave the table together, and that there should not be that dismal interval in the unity of the feast during which the men are supposed to drink more wine than the ladies choose to see consumed. This barbarous custom might surely be got rid of. It has already been abolished in some few families, where the lady has sufficient position and character to do as she pleases; and its abolition has long seemed on the eve of being general. Continental nations never dream of spoiling their dinners in this way, and, as we imitate them so much, we might imitate them in this. Fashion is an accident, and some day almost unintentionally this fashion will be set; but meanwhile we may easily show that reason points the same way, and is ready to furnish any amount of arguments, if fashion would but avail itself of them.

There are two great objects in dinner-parties besides the subsidiary and meeker one of clearing off a certain amount of friends to whom you owe a repast. The first and greatest object is to eat and drink good things. The second object is to enjoy the society of persons who are not members of your own household. Both these objects are, in a measure, defeated by the ladies going away before dinner is over. The dinner is not so good when this is

done. Theoretically it cannot be so good; for if the proper wines are taken with the proper dishes, there is no more to be done. All else is excess, and excess is a diminution of goodness. The English, owing to their habit of stowing away a pint of wine after the ladies have gone, and of reserving red wines till after dinner, have quite missed the use of red wines at dinner. On the Continent the red wine always comes first, and then the sparkling white wines. They have no sherry, poor creatures, and so they cannot take any after soup. But we must give good people credit for good intentions, and we may be sure they would take sherry then, if they could get it. For most meats red wine is much more suitable than white, and anything sweet and fizzing is singularly inappropriate to beef and mutton. On the other hand, champagne is appropriate to sweets and ices and fruit. But in England the wine that circles with strawberries is often a strong red wine. English people may see this, but they have been so accustomed to put off their red wines to the dreary time of after dinner, that they think that, unless they get their red wine late, they shall not get it at all. They would soon alter their views if fashion would let them, and they need not be afraid that what they consider their proper quantity of wine would be taken away from them. There would be more crowded into less space than now, and this would suit two sets of people. It would suit those who wanted to drink, for they would get their wine, and it would suit those who do not want to drink, for they would be saved the nuisance of having to sit playing with a glass of water while they look at other people drinking port and claret. The only reason that ever could have been urged for sitting drinking after dinner has been taken away by a benevolent interposition of Nature. Port, when port existed, was a fine beverage in its way; and as it could not be drunk at dinner, it had to be drunk after dinner. But now port is no more, or, if it exists, it exists in the cellars of the few who, if they deserve to have it, are far too wise to throw it away on a mixed company.

The present custom is also an unwholesome one. In the first place, the wine drunk at dinner, with one or two glasses after, is quite enough for any man, and, therefore, that which is extra is unwholesome. But this is not the principal cause of unwholesomeness. What is really fatal is the passionate license with which men throw themselves into fruit, sweets, and jams of all kinds when the ladies are gone. Demure men who faintly smile at cakes and preserves when the ladies are there, throw off the mantle of their shallow hypocrisy when left alone. It is curious that they are not ashamed of each other, but they are not. Partly this comes from the love of a pleasure something like that which prompts boys to rob orchards. It seems such fun to get at the candied things when ladies are not looking. The guardians are away, and so such awful burdens as greengages hardened with sugar to the consistency of gutta percha are frantically devoured in a strange spirit of bravado. There is, too, a triumphant feeling of condemning the expense when a man gets a dishful of forced peaches into a quiet corner, and works them off one after another. But there is also another reason why men do things of this sort. They do them often in sheer desperation. They do not know what to say to each other; and after a momentary survey of their next neighbour, and one glance of icy defiance, they sink into silence. There is at one end, perhaps, a drowsy, dreary hum, where the host is doing conversation. But a remote and faint whisper from a bewildered man striving to say, in a natural, pleasant way, that it is a cold summer—or that London is full—or that things are looking queer in America—is not an effectual restraint on the passions of a weak being, with the greengages fatally near him, and maddened by the oppressiveness of silent people all around him, stroking their beards and kicking out their legs. The ladies can have no conception how dull it is for the men they leave. They themselves have always two resources. They can be kind and friendly to their companions upstairs, and talk about babies and servants and dress; or they can be unkind and amuse themselves with the thousand pretty devices of feminine cruelty. Either way, they can get through the time. But the men sit silent, stony, neither kind nor unkind, like gods exiled from Olympus, ever eating candied fruit in the desolation of their overpowering *ennui*.

This retiring of the ladies spoils the social effect of a dinner in every way. The great use of a dinner-party socially is the opportunity of talking to other people's wives. This is what it really comes to. It is a great pleasure to talk to a lady who is friendly, unreserved, sure of herself, and without a thought of being made love to. Of young ladies at dinner parties we do not make much account. It is quite right they should go there to learn the way of business when they come to have houses of their own, to make the thing look fresh and pretty, and to babble with some of the stony men about the Exhibition. But the married ladies are the real charmers at a dinner-party. They belong in the first instance to their husbands, but they also belong to society, and this is the way in which society gets at them. They can let their friends who sit next them at dinner taste a little of their pleasantness without detriment to the claims of home. The companionship for two or three hours of a well-bred clever woman, not afraid or unwilling to talk, and with enough character to be above affectation, is one of the most agreeable things life away from home has to offer. Such a woman is indeed rather a picked specimen, but still a very large number of women in London make a very tolerable approach to this kind of excel-

lance. This is, at any rate, the social pleasure which dinner gives us, if it gives us any; and yet a foolish custom bids us throw it away at a certain point of the entertainment, and sink into the vacuous despair of the neighbourhood of unknown men. Nor is the broken thread resumed, for another tyrannous custom orders that when ladies go upstairs they shall, before the men arrive, form into a hollow square, as if to resist a charge of cavalry. The whole upstairs part of the performance, with its entire absence of ease and comfort, is a miserable affair. There is a prevalent indisposition on the part of all English people to join in that general conversation of a large party which is the delight and pride of French society; and the battle array of the ladies prevents the easy and unnoticed formation of sociable groups. It is in vain the hostess tries to make her guests converse by getting-up "a little music," and ordering her daughters to sing. The ladies are barricaded off by their position, and the men are feeling the pressure of their vulcanized greengeas. At last the carriages are announced, the faces of the guests brighten with a sudden tremulous half-concealed joy, as if they were listening to the end of a sermon, and they hurry off, some to the sensible luxury of bed, and some to the joyless joy of an evening crush.

EUPHEMISMS.

THE euphemism is a flower of language which, if looked at carelessly, may easily pass for a mere variety of what we have often laughed at as the grand or high-polite style. And it is undoubtedly true that the professors of the high-polite style are far more in the habit of using euphemisms than other people. The penny-a-liner thinks a euphemism needful, or at any rate graceful, in many cases where a writer of good English will straightforwardly say what he has to say without the least hesitation. But the euphemism is by no means confined to bad or vulgar writers—it is found, in greater or less degree, in all languages and all ages. The euphemism is by no means a mere question of style. It may be so, and when improperly used, it commonly is so; but in many cases it has far less to do with mere style than with natural feeling, social conventionality, or even sometimes supposed religious duty.

A euphemism is the employment of some indirect and allusive way of speaking of anything which, for any reason, it is thought improper or disagreeable to name in a straightforward way. This is clearly not a mere question of style. There are whole classes of subjects of which sometimes nature, sometimes custom, bids us to speak as little as possible, and, when we must speak of them, to hint at them rather than to name them directly. Why either nature or custom should forbid the direct mention of any subject is one of the most perplexing of problems—one which goes perhaps deeper than any other into the mysteries of the human soul. For our present purpose, it is quite enough that nature, or even custom, does forbid their direct mention, without asking why it is that either should forbid them. It is enough that either by nature or custom it is so. There is, of course, that whole class of ideas any straightforward expression of which is what is commonly called coarse or indecent. But this by no means exhausts the class of things which are the subjects of euphemisms. The direct mention of things relating to death is, not so universally, but, under certain circumstances, quite as carefully, avoided as the direct mention of things relating to birth. Again, it is clear that, quite irrespective of mere style, a less degree of the same repugnance attaches to the direct mention of the sin of drunkenness which attaches in a much higher degree to the direct mention of other sins of the flesh. Moreover, there are some religious dogmas which, rightly or wrongly, many people abstain from directly mentioning, out of very much the same feeling as that which forbids the use of what is, in the restricted sense, indecent language. And what may seem to be an exactly opposite feeling is really very akin to it. The reverential feeling, sometimes true, sometimes false, which excludes from ordinary talk any direct speaking on religious subjects, is really very closely connected with the principle of the euphemism. That is to say, to express our meaning plainly, there are many times and circumstances in which any direct speaking either of God or of the devil is felt to be out of place. This comes out still more strongly in some other religious systems than in our own. Every scholar knows the various shifts by which the direct mention of certain deities in old Greece was avoided in common discourse. The fearful Erinnyses become the mild Eumenides, or at least the neutral Venerable Goddesses. This is a clear case of euphemism—a euphemism, too, strangely made up of the feeling which prompts what we may call our euphemism of reverence and that which we may call our euphemism of repugnance. The Jewish superstition by which the proper name of the Deity is never uttered, but a title employed instead, is perhaps the strongest case of the reverential euphemism. Now, in the cases which we have thus gone through, the motives which prompt to the use of the euphemism are widely different, but they all agree in the main point. That is to say, for some motive, quite independent of mere style, it is thought to be becoming to speak of certain objects in an indirect instead of a direct way. How far the motive is a sufficient one—how far the modesty is always true modesty, the reverence always true reverence—is quite another question.

Of course, euphemisms prevail most in a refined and artificial age, but there are one or two things which are apt to hide from us the extent to which euphemisms have prevailed in all ages. The euphemism of one age becomes the proscribed ex-

pression of another. If we forget this, we shall continually misunderstand writers of past times. We constantly speak of old writers as coarse or indecent, because the language which they use is what we should now think coarse or indecent. A little thought will show that in many cases the language which we now think coarse was positively euphemistical. A phrase is introduced by way of a euphemism—it is indirect, evasive, alluding to its subject rather than directly mentioning it. But a generation or two of use takes away from it its indirect character. It loses whatever other meaning it has, and it gets directly and exclusively to express the idea which originally it only expressed indirectly. As soon as it does this, it becomes itself chargeable with impropriety, and a new euphemism is needed to supplant it. And so custom goes on, piling layers of forbidden phrases on the top of one another, each being counted for a euphemism in its own generation, and for a coarse expression in the next.

The last euphemism of this sort which has come in certainly seems the silliest possible, though it is well to bear in mind that most likely every euphemism seemed silly when it was first introduced. But surely the phrase of "social evils," to denote a particular class of women, is several degrees more silly than euphemisms in general. The odd thing about this phrase is, that it changed its meaning almost as soon as it was invented. What first came in was "the social evil," as a euphemism for the word "prostitution," which is itself a Latinized euphemism for the Teutonic "whoredom"—which last word, coarse as it now sounds, a moment's thought will show to be really just as much a euphemism as the others. But almost as soon as the phrase came in in this abstract sense, it turned about to a concrete one, and, instead of "the social evil" meaning the sin in general, "social evils" came to mean the particular sinners. Between twenty and thirty years ago, a respectable clergyman wrote a book of rather sermonizing stories, which he called *Social Evils and their Remedies*. There was nothing at all out of the way in the title then. It very well expressed the good man's object, which was a perfectly general one. But if anybody wrote a book called *Social Evils* now, the title would undoubtedly, as Gibbon says, excite either a smile or a blush.

Euphemisms, as we said before, may spring either from real or from false modesty or reverence. It is easy to distinguish the two by observing whether there is anything intentionally ludicrous in the form of words which is chosen. A euphemism prompted by real modesty will always be grave—a ludicrous euphemism is really more indecent than the direct expression itself. The simplicity of old writers—Homer, Herodotus, the Old Testament—seems so unusual to us that we are apt to forget that even their language is often really euphemistic. That Homer and Herodotus are euphemistic we at once feel when we read Aristophanes. No one abounds more with indirect and periphrastic ways of veiling coarse ideas than Aristophanes; but then they are invariably ludicrous, and thus are more indecent than the direct words. In a slightly different way, because the ludicrous element does not come in, Ovid and Petronius *Arbiter* are doubtless as licentious writers as ever wrote; but they are far less indecent in mere language than Catullus and Martial.

As this is true of euphemisms arising from true and false modesty, it is equally true of euphemisms springing from other feelings. There is a certain dislike to speaking directly of the devil and all that pertains to him. We confess that we do not see why, when it is desirable to speak of him at all, he should not be spoken of straightforwardly. But it makes a great difference whether the circumlocution chosen be "the enemy of souls," or "his Satanic Majesty." Again, in what is intended to be the reverential euphemism or circumlocution, we really cannot see the need of euphemism or circumlocution at all. The real question is whether, in this or that particular case, it is desirable to make any religious reference at all. If it is desirable, it is surely far better and more reverential to make it straightforwardly. Surely the direct reference to Almighty God with which we are familiar in a King's Speech or other public document is in every way better than the periphrastic talk about "that Being," a "higher Power," and the like, which passed for reverential a generation or two back, and of which, strange to say, no more frequent or offensive examples are to be found than in the writings of Washington. Death also has always been looked upon as more or less a subject to be treated euphemistically. "If anything should happen" to so-and-so, especially if the so-and-so should be the person spoken to or any near friend or kinsman, is a way of avoiding its direct mention, common enough both in old Greek and in modern English. And other expressions of the like sort will occur to every one, where the indirect mention of disagreeable things does not at all arise from any notion of brilliancy or elevation of style, but from a real wish, whether wise or foolish, to avoid the apparent harshness and painfulness of their direct mention.

All these cases are cases of genuine euphemisms—of indirect expressions preferred to direct ones, not on a literary but on a sort of moral ground. With these the purely literary critic has nothing to do. How far the feeling which leads to them is wise or foolish, healthy or unhealthy, is wholly an affair for the moralist. But besides these, there is, we need hardly say, a fertile crop of false euphemisms—purely literary euphemisms—indirect expressions preferred to direct ones, not out of modesty, reverence, delicacy of feeling, but simply because the indirect speech is thought to be smarter or statelier than the direct one. Of course here, as in the case of all such false ornaments of style, we reap a plentiful harvest of blunders and absurdities. The feeling which prompts

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people to talk, not of a man dying, but of something happening to him, is, whether wise or foolish, a genuine feeling; but to call a man's death his "demise" is simply ignorant affectation. The "demise" of a man is simply nonsense. The phrase which the unlucky people who talk so have in their heads is the "demise of the Crown," or of anything else which passes by hereditary succession. The demise of the Crown is the handing over the Crown from one King to his successor, and, as depositions and abdications are exceptional ways of ending a reign, the demise of the Crown is commonly caused by the death of the King. Then people who did not know what "demise" meant began to talk about "the demise of the King," and so "demise" simply became high-polite for death. The silly euphemism of "lady" for "wife" has pretty nearly gone out of fashion. Probably it first arose from some such phrase as "Lord A. B. and his Lady," much as one often speaks of a King and "his Queen." But "lady," "female," "young person," have pretty nearly driven out the plain word "woman," which, by the light of nature, we should have thought needed a euphemistic substitute very much less than "female." Perhaps the two very oddest euphemisms which we even heard of came in two sermons preached at the time of the Irish famine. In one, preached in a University pulpit, the divine talked about "that esculent which has recently failed." Now, if Moses and the Prophets could talk straightforwardly about leeks and onions and cucumbers, why on earth should not an English clergyman talk straightforwardly about potatoes? The other instance was more eccentric still. The preacher told his flock that he had himself been in Ireland, and that the wretchedness of the people was so great, that he had with his own eyes seen a woman yoked to a plough "along with an animal which decency forbade him to mention." His hearers were sore puzzled. What animal is there, especially what animal at all fit for drawing a plough, which decency forbids any one to mention? There is, indeed, a noisome insect which may only be mentioned under the most general terms. There is also a quadruped whose female form requires the most delicate circumlocutions, though the male is presentable by name in the best society. But the woman could hardly be supposed to be yoked with a "lady-dog;" though, had the sermon been preached in America, it would have been quite possible to imagine her yoked with a "gentleman-cow." Some ingenious persons suggested a pig, as an unclean beast; yet the mention of the pig is not commonly looked on as a breach of decency. At last the beast so delicately veiled turned out to be—a donkey. But why decency forbade the preacher to mention an animal which certainly fills an honourable place in both the Old and New Testament is, like Dr. Johnson's custom of collecting orange-peel, one of those problems whose depth can never be pierced by anything short of the inquisitiveness of a Boswell.

THE CUP DAY AT ASCOT.

NEITHER the excitement of the sport nor the gaiety of the company at Ascot on the Cup Day could banish wholly from the mind the memory of that great national affliction of which one of the outward signs was the emptiness and silence of the Royal Stand. This is now the second year that Ascot has lacked the splendour of the Court; and on both occasions the Queen's absence has been caused by sorrow in which her subjects have fully shared. Perhaps, as Ascot has been wanting in its distinctive feature, other features which it displays in common with other great race-meetings—the crowd, noise, bustle, and excitement—have been intensified. Without saying that its graceful aristocratic aspect has been impaired, we certainly think that the business-like and plebeian side of it has undergone development. There has been this year abundance of professional speculation, and also of material upon which to speculate. The great event of the meeting, like that of Epsom, was a surprise, and on both occasions many speculators became winners in their own despite. They had made bargains of which afterwards they repented, but from which there was no escape, and which ultimately turned out highly profitable. The early backers of Caribineer were so scared by his failure at Chester, and his complete defeat at York, that they mostly did all they could, but vainly, to "get out" of the investments they had made upon him. But as this could not in general be done, they had to "stand the horse," as the phrase is, to their temporary disquiet and ultimate triumph and enrichment. A week ago, the Ascot Cup was regarded as almost a certainty for Asteroid, and he was backed for it at very short odds accordingly. But on Tuesday he ran a two-mile race for the Queen's Vase, for which odds were actually betted on him, and he got beaten badly by two horses, one of whom was to be among his competitors on Thursday, and, being of the same year, would run under exactly the same weight. If speculators are not to guide themselves by public running, they get launched on the uncertain sea of "information," prophecy, or mere caprice and accident. Accordingly, as Caribineer had beaten Asteroid over two miles of ground on Tuesday, it was quite natural for those who had still money to lay out to put it upon the former for the race over two miles and a half on Thursday. Those who had the opportunity of thus backing Caribineer thought they had done a very tolerably good thing, while those who had backed Asteroid last week and previously thought they had done a very bad one. However, it was some consolation to those who were unable to hedge their money, to hear that the owner of Asteroid, Sir Joseph Hawley, had backed him to a considerable amount directly before the race. The event reversed Tuesday's running, for Asteroid

defeated Caribineer over more decisively than Caribineer had defeated Asteroid, and thus the partisans, voluntary or involuntary, of Sir Joseph Hawley's colours found themselves participants in a splendid as well as substantial victory.

Asteroid belonged to the late Duke of Bedford, and came on his decease to Admiral Rous, who took him under a bequest of the best horse in the Duke's stable. Admiral Rous sold him to Sir Joseph Hawley. It would not be very far wrong to say that he is now the best four-year-old horse upon the turf. This reputation he has gained in spite of his non-appearance in the principal three-year-old contests of last year. No doubt if Kettledrum, the winner of the Derby, were as good as he showed himself at Epsom and at Doncaster, the pretensions of Asteroid would be open to very severe question. But unfortunately Kettledrum is not in his old form just now, and the meeting between him and Asteroid, which at one time promised to be highly interesting, became impossible. Dundee, who ran second for the Derby on three legs, will never run again on four. Diophantus, who won the Two Thousand Guineas and ran third for the Derby, is now suspected not to be good for much, except to make an elegant park-hack. Klarikoff was burned in his box while travelling homeward on the Great Northern Railway. Thus the principal heroes or pretended heroes of last year having been accounted for, there was a pretty general concurrence of opinion in promoting Asteroid, Caribineer, and the French horse Palestro into the vaunted places. There were no doubt some heroines of no inconsiderable distinction, such as Caller Ou, who beat Kettledrum for the St. Leger, and Brown Duchess, the beautiful daughter of the Flying Dutchman, who won the Oaks, and ran a dead heat with Kettledrum for the Cup at Doncaster. One would think that the conqueror of a solid staying animal like Kettledrum would have had a fair chance of success at Ascot against any horse of the same year; but it appears that the owners of Caller Ou and Brown Duchess thought the superiority of Asteroid, Caribineer, and Palestro, or of some one or two of them, too well established for it to be worth their while to question it. There was, however, one of the Oaks fillies of last year, and a good one, named Fairwater, whose owner did venture to try her quality against the three formidable four-year-olds of the other sex, and, although she did not win, that owner had the satisfaction to see her run in a way that must enhance her selling and breeding value. It was hoped that that old favourite of the public, Thormanby, who is one year senior to the horses of which we have just been speaking, might have appeared once more—of course under the weight proper to his age—to contend for the prize which he won so gallantly last year, when he took his revenge upon St. Alban's for his defeat of the previous autumn in the St. Leger. But Thormanby, like Kettledrum, is indisposed, and we could not help feeling that in his absence the race for the Ascot Cup was, compared with that of last year, uninteresting. It was rather generally assumed, at least by those who had not boundless confidence in Sir Joseph Hawley's skill or luck, that Caribineer could beat Asteroid again, and it was not looked upon as impossible that Palestro, who had beaten him in the Cambridgeshire at Newmarket, might also beat him a second time. Fairwater was known to be a good mare, but we did not think her likely to beat any of these three horses. Besides these four competitors of equal age, there were three of the year after them, being that whose produce now enjoys the largest share of public notice. Thus four four-year-olds and three three-year-olds made up the entire field that started for the Ascot Cup. The most distinguished of the three-year-olds was Mr. Merry's Vest colt, which he now calls Investment. This colt was not in the Derby, but at the Epsom Spring Meeting he ran second to Sawcutter, who ought to have been mentioned along with Asteroid, Caribineer, and Palestro, as another horse of the same year, and of something approaching to equal merit. The Vest colt also ran second for the Chester Cup, which was won by another three-year-old named Tim Whiffler, about whom we shall have a word to say presently. Beside the Vest colt, or Investment, as we shall in future call him, there came to the post for the Ascot Cup Zetland, who found a good many backers at a medium price for the Derby, and Harlequin, of whom there is nothing to say, except that his owner has another and better horse of the same year, which nobody thinks particularly good. Of the four horses named upon the card who did not appear, it may suffice to say of three of them that they might have contributed to the pictorial effect, but could not possibly have been anywhere in the race. The fourth absentee, Stampede, is a good horse with a bad temper, who, amid all the ceremony and processionalizing which precedes the race for the Ascot Cup, would surely have found an opportunity to break some of the spectators' bones, or at least to throw them into violent consternation. This horse seems to have been named "Stampede" in prophetic anticipation of his faculty for causing that movement on a crowded race-course.

There can be no doubt that Asteroid looked like the splendid horse which his friends have always maintained that he is. He promised to come quite up to the standard of his three-year-old running, wherein, out of eleven starts at all sorts of weights and distances, he scored six victories, besides running third under heavy weights, in both the Ceanowitch and Cambridgeshire Handicaps at Newmarket. The horse's condition was all that could be desired, and his perfect symmetry, great size and power, and long stride, made it a treat to look at him. The satisfaction of Wells with his mount was heard to express itself in words. As the horse was ridden for the Cup in a heavy double-bit

it might have been conjectured that he was thought by his owner to have overrun himself for the Queen's Vase. But another explanation which was offered of Asteroid's defeat in that race was, that it was not run hard enough to suit him. Carbineer's looks and action must have pleased his friends extremely. Although he was not able to repeat his victory over Asteroid of Tuesday, yet it may be fully expected that in his own county he will carry the popular white and red spots to the front in more than one weight-for-age race. Lord Zetland has established a sort of right to the Doncaster Cup, and it is not unlikely that his prescriptive claim will be successfully asserted by Carbineer this year. Fairwater did not look much grown since she ran third for the Oaks last year, but she retains her fine turn of speed, and seems able to run for ever. To judge from the betting, it seems to have been expected in some quarters that Fordham, who was upon Fairwater, might steal another race from Wells in the same clever way that he did on Tuesday. But it would scarcely do for Wells to allow himself to be caught napping twice in the same week. Mr. Merry's Investment did not look very promising. He appeared small by the side of the other horses, and the work he has done this spring is evidently beginning to tell upon him. The French horse, Palestro, is adapted rather for use than show. He looked quite like business, and had upon him Aldcroft, whose English face we never saw under the French cap until that day. Zetland, who seems much improved in the short time since Epsom, both looked well and went well, and his performance in this race would seem to prove that the three horses placed for the Derby are more than ordinarily good.

The story of the race is simple and soon told. In spite of the double bit, Asteroid jumped away, on the dropping of the flag, with a strong lead, which he increased to near a dozen lengths after ascending the hill. As the course was rounded this lead diminished, until, on coming into the straight, Zetland had nearly closed with him. At this point, Carbineer made his effort to pass them both, but failed, and here his chance of another victory was extinguished. Asteroid and Zetland ran bravely up that formidable hill which finishes the race for the Cup at Ascot. The only other thing that had a chance was Fairwater, whose running also showed fine courage and endurance. Carbineer, indeed, still struggled on in company with these three, but without any hope of winning. At the half-distance, Asteroid looked for the moment as if he too was beaten, while Zetland was running as strong as ever. But the thought of Zetland's victory had scarcely time to form itself in the mind when Asteroid recovered himself and beat the young horse by a neck. Fairwater ran past Carbineer as if she meant to challenge the two leaders, but she was too late, even if she had it in her. The running of these three horses up the hill, at the end of a long race, was highly creditable, and the finish between Asteroid and Zetland was magnificent. After seeing Zetland run Asteroid so hard, it was difficult to avoid the inference that the horses which are better than he in the present year must really be very superior articles.

One of the best of Zetland's betters is Tim Whiffler, who defeated both Carbineer and Asteroid for the Queen's Vase, and who had already made a name for himself by winning the Chester Cup, for which, among other horses, he beat Caractacus. It was not surprising that such a horse as this should have won the Royal Stand Plate, which was run for on the same day as the Gold Cup, just as he liked. Looking at this fine large dark-brown horse, one could not but regret that he is not entered for the St. Leger. If he were in it as well as the Marquis, Caractacus would find the job of carrying that prize off from two such formidable Northern champions a tough one. The interesting two-year-old race, now called the New Stakes, was won by Blue Mantle, whose splendid performance is not likely to be forgotten in the calculations of book-makers for next year's Derby.

MADEMOISELLE DE LATOUR

THE story of Mademoiselle Marguerite Trigante de Latour is as romantic as her name. From the days of the Fabliaux to the lay of Billy Taylor, there have not been wanting fair damsels who have donned boys' clothes. Rosalind is the leading case, but it was as much for Orlando's sake as for the banished Duke that she did suit her all points like a man. Now, however, for the first time in the history of the world, the love of knowledge has suggested the doublet and hose to gentle girlhood — unless, indeed, we make an exception in favour of those mythical and mystical ladies, Axiochaea and Phliaisia, and that fair sisterhood who went, disguised in men's habits, to academic groves, and were diligent auditors in Plato's school of divine philosophy. In recent times we have had many ladies who, like the monkey, have longed to see the world; but the modern Io, when wandering over many lands, has not changed the attire of her sex. Mrs. Ida Pfeiffer, the type and example of the unprotected female, has retained the petticoat; and so do the enterprising ladies of our own time who take a summer scamper to Calcutta. It has been reserved for a *jeune miss* of the ordinary French type to innovate both on the conventional dress and on the conventional manners of France. However, Mademoiselle de Latour proves that nature is stronger than society and its customs. She had heard of London, and she longed, like another and a better Norval, to brave the dangers of the sea and the worse dangers of Leicester Square, in order to survey the glories of the great International Exhibition. She will be enrolled in the next edition of Mr. Fullom's *Martyrs of Science*;

for it was only by good luck and the intervention of Policeman X that she did not pay dearly for her devotion to the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. The days had, we feared, passed away in which a maiden's smile would lead her in safety through the streets of wicked London; but in the heroine of *Passy* there was a depth of curiosity which was superior to all difficulties. Neither perils by sea nor perils by land restrained her ardent thirst for information; and perhaps the slight suspicion of impropriety which flavoured the enterprise lent an additional charm to her romantic scheme. We hardly understand the interior of a *ménage* of the French type — at least that primitive household in *Passy* must have been conducted on apostolic simplicity. The aunt and niece, it seems, had all things in common — home and heart, purse and scrip; so that we may entirely relieve the young lady from the imputation of having irregularly appropriated some twenty pounds of money which, it appears, belonged to her as much as to her pious and amiable relative.

But the family of Latour is one which seems to have habits and customs of its own; and the fair daughter of the house only displayed an independence of character and domicile which characterizes all its members. The father, a Baron of high degree, was supposed to be in America, but, in fact, was in London. Her mother, the Baroness, is living at Versailles; and the aunt, with the niece, resides at *Passy*. These are antecedents which would suggest a character of some self-reliance, and, with a good stock of English and more than French assurance, it only cost the fair Marguerite the sacrifice of her tresses and some unnecessary scruples about the 500 francs to brave the terrors of the passage to London. She seems to have all but succeeded in what, we think, is very inadequately described as a childish freak. Surely the pursuit of knowledge is as lofty an aim as patriotism; and, if Joan of Arc cased herself in steel, and has won a name and statue for her deeds in male attire, Marguerite has done as much, and in a cause almost as holy. Chivalry has departed from France, and we fear that M. Théophile Gautier, not unskilled in the history of difficulties which attend ladies masquerading in masculine weeds, may be the only chronicler of her adventures between *Passy* and the steps of the Bull and Mouth Hotel in St. Martin's-le-Grand. There is a serious blank in the first fytte of this romantic history, which, we fear, can only be filled up by conjecture, which is to be deprecated.

The romance of the thing, however, increases as the perplexities of the plot thicken. Mr. Moufflet, though a countryman of the heroine, seems to have been but a prosaic and undemonstrative person, and considered the credit of his hostelry in Newgate-street as somewhat compromised by the presence of a girl in boy's clothes. We fear that Mr. Moufflet was not without his experiences of the *Bal de l'Opéra*. And the policeman into whose hands the fair emigrant fell was a very matter-of-fact policeman indeed, without a particle of sentiment. Alderman Besley, and Guildhall, and the domestic *surveillance* of the governor of Newgate, were a sad collapse to the young lady's high aspirations; but, faithful to the traditions of her country, in the extremity of her baffled hopes she was equal to the great occasion. Cato-like, she meditated, and half executed, suicide according to the canons of French taste. Though she could submit to the indignity of reassuming her crinoline, she declined to submit to the greater hardship of Mr. Jonas's *cuisine*. Rather than eat the beefsteak of Newgate, she nobly resolved to die, a martyr to science and French cookery. Tragedy never reached a higher pitch than when Alderman Wilson, with such touching pathos, declared that "she seemed contented and had found occupation in some work given her by the matron, but she had not been prevailed upon to take anything in the way of food." Meekly submissive to the law, but true to her own dignity, she would work for her captors, but not eat with them. It was an abomination to her Parisian mind to take of the food of the barbarians.

But the theatre of real life is as prolific in expedients for cutting all dramatic knots as that of the *Porte St. Martin*. The noble house of Latour was not without its English friends. Mr. Ludlow, a gentleman well known to literature and social science, included in his cosmopolitan acquaintance a friendship with the family of Latour, and his name was naturally invoked by Mademoiselle when all other resources failed. Mr. Ludlow lost no time in appearing on the scene, and, with great good sense, he at once acquiesced in "the worthy magistrate's" charitable and proper view of the case. He made no objection to the issue of that variety of the *lettre de cachet* which the humanity of Alderman Besley suggested. But it is in what dramatic critics call the crisis of the plot that its highest interest culminates. On Mademoiselle's second appearance at Guildhall, who should turn up and claim his daughter but the noble Baron who was supposed to be in America? *Deus ex machina* with a vengeance! and no doubt the Baron had been conveyed in a moment and on a hippogriff over the Atlantic. Well might Mr. Ludlow "exclaim, with great surprise, that he thought the Baron was in America." Well might Alderman Besley, from whom the unexpected appearance of the noble father seems to have taken the power to express himself in superlatives, remark "that it was very singular." After a moment's pause, Alderman Wilson, overpowered with a natural curiosity, and doubtful whether the Baron was the Baron or somebody else, ventured upon the very indiscreet question, "if the Baron had really been in America at all?" This was precisely what the head of the Latours wanted, and he "shut up" the alderman accordingly. With an admirable mixture of haughtiness and self-respect, the Baron suggested that the alderman had

better mind his own business. "He had a right to go to America and return if he liked without being interrogated here upon it." Even a very short sojourn in England had taught the noble Baron the difference between an English and French court of the first instance. Not only would he have had to answer the astonished alderman's very natural question in Paris, but a good many other questions of the same, or even a more inquisitive sort.

After this, the comedy of *All's Well That Ends Well* ran its natural course to a speedy and happy tag. The interview between father and daughter in the governor's apartments at Newgate may be better imagined than described, as they say. There was a regular French *dénouement*. "The young lady flew into the paternal arms, and a most affecting scene followed." Kissing, forgiveness, gratitude, and tears were rained about in every direction. The aunt came in at the right moment for her share, and a family reunion and a striking group followed. More rushing into arms, more embracing, and more of the wildest joy ensued at the third *séance* at Guildhall, Mr. Mouflet acting as chorus and interpreter; and the whole party adjourned to his hotel in Newgate Street, penetrated with the most lively emotions, and expressing the warmest gratitude for the delicacy, tenderness, affection, and kindness exhibited by the noble British nation in the person of the aldermen of the great and noble city of London. It is some comfort to think that, after enjoying the splendours of the Exhibition, the whole family will return to Paris with a new chapter to add to that exalted estimate which France has formed of the dignity of a Lord Mayor; for if these are the aldermen—so good, so gracious, so tender—what must the Lord Mayor be? There is only one person in this life-drama who has not received the reward due to his share in it. The play is slightly incomplete. If Mr. Ludlow could but have introduced Mademoiselle Marguerite Trigante de Latour to the honours of a special *séance* in that section of the Social Science Conference in which Miss Cobbe showed so well, the thing would have been complete; and the claims of the future Mistresses of Arts would have been reinforced by that argument from fact which is so sadly wanted to help a limping theory. Miss de Latour's case proves that the *toga virilis* is the natural complement of the manly mind.

THE ADELPHI THEATRE IN CHANCERY.

IT is not often that the general public shows itself in the Courts of Chancery. The nearest approach to a crowd in those placid realms of justice is on what is called "petition day," when a number of newly-fledged barristers are assembled to make to the Court applications which are disposed of almost instantaneously, and without any opportunity for the display either of eloquence or of legal lore. The officers of these Courts are so entirely unaccustomed to the presence of spectators, that it may be questioned whether they have the least notion how to control an excited crowd. Ordinarily, their only duty is to cry out "silence" when the buzz of conversation rises above the drone of argument. The idea that anybody's feelings could possibly be worked upon by an argument addressed to a Judge in Equity would have seemed, until the present week, preposterous. That very improper practice of expressing the sentiments of the audience at the conclusion of a counsel's speech was attempted, probably for the first time, on Tuesday last, and it was as promptly and severely checked as it deserved to be. The language of Vice-Chancellor Wood suitably expressed his indignation at this indecency, but whether the power he threatened to invoke would have been adequate to the occasion may be doubted. An usher who has usually nothing to do but doze is scarcely likely to be wide awake enough to detect offenders in all parts of a crowded Court. However, the majesty of the law is usually able to command respect in England without even sending for that policeman who possibly might prove to be engaged on urgent private affairs at the moment when his quick eye and ready truncheon would have been a valuable reinforcement to the somnolent and unwarlike usher. The offence of expressing applause on the termination of a counsel's speech was not likely to be committed more than once, for the very sufficient reason that only one of the counsel engaged in the case before the Court had had occasion to cultivate the habit of speaking so as to please or excite a crowd.

The popular orator who thus ruffled the serenity of the Court of Chancery was Mr. Serjeant Ballantine. The cause of his appearance in that uncongenial region was the dispute which has arisen between those two distinguished actors and dramatic authors, Mr. Benjamin Webster and Mr. Dion Boucicault, who have quarrelled over their joint management of the Adelphi Theatre. Like many other men, whose habits and duties would be more likely to suggest caution, these two artists, when they were very good friends, made a rather loose agreement, to which, now that they are at variance, they call upon a Court of Law to give definiteness and stringency. Rather less than a year ago they entered into a kind of partnership for three years in the carrying on of the Adelphi Theatre. Either through carelessness or contempt for legal technicalities, the agreement into which they entered was not drawn up under professional advice, and hence the lawyers who did not make have been busy in endeavouring to expound it. Of course, too, when questions began to arise, and diversities of interest had time to emerge, there was the usual infusion of acrimony into the proceedings; and thus by the absence of caution at the outset and the presence of irritability as things went on,

sufficient provision was made for the rise and progress of a complicated and angry lawsuit. A bill was filed by Mr. Boucicault against Mr. Webster, and a cross-bill was filed by Mr. Webster against Mr. Boucicault. The object of the first bill was to restrain Mr. Webster from issuing announcements of a certain programme of performances at the Adelphi Theatre. The object of the second bill was to restrain Mr. Boucicault from acting or bringing out plays at Drury Lane Theatre during the subsistence of his partnership with Mr. Webster in the Adelphi. Advertisements had announced the early opening of Drury Lane Theatre, where Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault were once more to test the popularity of the *Colleen Bawn*. These advertisements had been stopped pending Mr. Webster's application to the Court, and he sought by his motion to prohibit their reappearance. But although it might be very desirable for Mr. Webster to confine to his own theatre the attractions of the *Colleen Bawn*, or at least of the artists who had made it and whom it had made famous, Mr. Webster had unfortunately forgotten to introduce a stipulation to that effect into the agreement. If A. and B. go into partnership in trade, it may be very injurious to A.'s interest that B. should go into partnership with C. in the same line of business in the next street, but, in the absence of any restraining provision, the law leaves B. quite at liberty to do so. The contract between Mr. Webster and Mr. Boucicault did not contain any express restriction, and their practice since they entered into the contract tended to show that no such restriction had been intended—inasmuch as both parties had occasionally either acted, or allowed their plays to be performed, at other theatres besides the Adelphi during the existence of the partnership. As regarded Mr. Boucicault's suit against Mr. Webster, the agreement did contain a clause upon which the pretensions put forward by him might be justified. That clause provided that "the stage and all its departments" should be under Mr. Boucicault's control, and "the front of the house and its departments" under Mr. Webster's. The matter complained of was the issuing of play-bills announcing the intended reproduction of the *Colleen Bawn* and other prospective arrangements, to which Mr. Boucicault objected on the ground of various deficiencies, either of actors or of scenes and properties, which could not be supplied by the times named in the handbills. Mr. Webster seemed alive to the money-drawing quality of the *Colleen Bawn*—at any rate to the extent of objecting to its production at Drury Lane; but he raised obstacles to its revival at the Adelphi, or at least to that sumptuousness of re-decoration which the chief performer in it considered necessary. There was a question about two celebrated scenes—the daylight view and the moonlight view of the lake. It appeared that the "water" of the *Colleen Bawn* had been "cut up" for some other piece, and it was necessary to paint these two scenes afresh. The "cloths" which Mr. Webster considered suitable for this purpose Mr. Boucicault declared to be so old and so thick with paint that scraping could do no good to them, and, therefore, he had ordered new cloths. Mr. Webster protested against this order, and indeed against everything else which Mr. Boucicault either had done or was likely to do in connection with the management of the theatre. There was also a question about filling for a time the part which has heretofore been so admirably acted by Mrs. Boucicault. On the one side, it was insisted that a certain lady was competent to succeed her, while on the other it was urged that, "when so many ladies were in the market," it would be easy to find a more efficient substitute. Mr. Boucicault contended that to him belonged, under the agreement, what he called "the artistic management" of the theatre, which would include the power of directing what plays were to be produced, and when, and under what conditions; and, therefore, that the issuing of bills contrary to his intentions ought to be forbidden by the Court. The Vice-Chancellor seemed disposed to think that Mr. Boucicault was entitled to the power which he claimed, but he also thought very decidedly that Mr. Boucicault's engagement to act at Drury Lane Theatre would have a tendency to interfere with his exercising that power impartially for the benefit of the Adelphi; and, accordingly, he refused to grant the injunction which Mr. Boucicault desired.

The result, therefore, was that neither party got anything by his motion, except earnest advice from the Court to settle all matters in dispute without further litigation which must necessarily prove ruinous to their common property. This advice, which was given early in the progress of the case, appeared at one time to have had the effect which all friends of the parties must have hoped for. Terms were proposed and partially agreed to, and while they were being reduced to writing the Court proceeded with some other business. Indeed, the whole matter would have been settled, but for a question about two ladies belonging to the company, whom Mr. Webster required Mr. Boucicault to take with him to Drury Lane, and Mr. Boucicault agreed to take, but with the proviso that they should themselves consent to go. Mr. Webster objected to this condition, and when Mr. Boucicault proposed that each party should undertake the burden of the engagement of one of these ladies unconditionally, Mr. Webster objected to that also, and thus the negotiation was broken off. The strife of which these two ladies were the unwitting cause raged hotly during the remainder of a long day, and it ended, as we have seen, in the defeat of both the contending parties. The theatrical profession and the general public which had crammed the Court in a very unusual way had dispersed, under the belief that the fun was over, when they saw wigged heads laid together in conference upon terms of compromise; and

therefore, when the fight actually did come off, the spectators were not so numerous as might have been expected. However, the patience and sagacity of those who kept their places had at length their due reward. The compromise fell through, and the tedious affidavits having ultimately got read, Mr. Sergeant Ballantine addressed the Court somewhat in the style which the general public can understand and appreciate. The general public liked his speech so well as to commit the impropriety of applauding it.

It was remarked by the Vice-Chancellor that the Court could not undertake to give directions for the carrying on of the Adelphi Theatre. Certainly the notion of a Judge settling play-bills in Chambers, and considering the advisability of new scenery for the *Colleen Bawn*, or of going into the market for a lady to replace Mrs. Boucicault, would be impracticable as well as ludicrous. Even the threat of the interference of the Court, although that interference had been withheld, might possibly have proved injurious; and therefore it was satisfactory to find, on visiting the Adelphi Theatre in the evening, that things were going on there as usual. The play-bill for the night had at its head the name of Mr. Webster as "sole proprietor and manager," and then followed the name of Mr. Boucicault, with no capacity ascribed to him, but in very much larger type, as though Mr. Webster were disposed to let his rival have the pomp, and keep the power to himself. It is only fair to say that the accommodation for visitors to the Adelphi Theatre is most ample, and offers a very strong contrast to that obtainable in the Court of Chancery. In the Court where the managers and actors of the Adelphi spent that morning, able Counsel practise before a distinguished judge. To speak in theatrical language, "the stage and all its departments" are maintained in the highest possible efficiency; but "the front," that is the arrangement for the public convenience, is deplorable. There are very few seats, and what there are have been so contrived that the occupation of them is a prolonged agony; whereas at the Adelphi Theatre you may get a stall well-cushioned and warranted to be two feet in width. If you are an admirer of Paul Bedford you will not despise this comfortable arrangement, inasmuch as it is reasonable to conclude that he who loves stout actors must himself be stout. But if you are a friend of Paul Bedford, you will hope that it may never be his fate to sit for a whole day on a hard and narrow bench in the Court of Chancery. Mr. Boucicault was forced to undergo that misery; but then he is a smaller and slighter man. It did not appear that a long day's imprisonment at all affected the spirit of his acting as the Yankee overseer. The tedious detention before Vice-Chancellor Wood did not impair the vigour of his eloquence in the court of Mr. Justice Lynch: nor did the last-named eminent judge object to any amount of applause being bestowed upon the speeches delivered before his tribunal. Certainly, the Adelphi Theatre is quite itself, although it has been for a short time in Chancery. The "sensation drama" still moves the audience, or part of it, to pity, to horror, and almost to tears; and the "screaming farce" is still the cause of laughter so uncontrollable as almost to weary those in whom it is excited. Both the new and the old elements of popularity are in high perfection. You may see Mr. Boucicault, after fighting in the Arkansas duel, upheld between his two fair crutches; and you may see Mr. Paul Bedford fighting in the Exhibition Building, and upheld, when he gets a knock-down blow, by the mixed-pickle trophy which we have all admired. To describe this farce would be to spoil our readers' pleasure in witnessing it. We will only say that Mr. Bedford and Mr. Toole take refuge from the difficulties and perils into which they fall — the one in the disguise of a diver, and the other in that of an *Esquimaux*, whose costumes are made to adorn the Exhibition, in immediate proximity to the mixed-pickle trophy. Each stands rigidly on his pedestal, when first one and then another pair of visitors pass that way. The first pair consists of Mr. Toole's intended wife, to whom a sergeant of the Lifeguards is making love. The second pair consists of Mr. Bedford's actual wife, receiving the attentions of one Mr. Bobbin. When we say that these flirtations are carried on at the bases of the respective statues, we shall sufficiently indicate that the fun of the Adelphi Theatre has not been spoiled by the contact of its managers with the gravity of the Court of Chancery.

PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETIES.

JUDGING from a brief examination of the *Post-Office Directory*, there are in London not less than five hundred societies. What a prodigious army of secretaries, clerks, directors, committee-men does this statement imply! What pleasant pastures for the well-meaning and officious — the men who are never idle, and the men who are never employed — the philanthropist and humanitarian — the enthusiast and the busybody! What a gigantic stud of hobby-horses suited to all possible tastes and tendencies! What a multiplicity of small avenues to notoriety by which, like rabbits in a warren, small men of ambitious hopes may lift themselves above their fellows!

Let us examine a few of them. There is the "Aged Pilgrims Society." We assume this to be a highly metaphorical expression, signifying respectable paupers advanced in years, and not venerable old gentlemen in flowing robes, snow-white beards, scallop-shell in hat, and sandals on feet. We pass, however, from aged pilgrims to modern Syrians. There is a Society called the "Syrian Improvement Committee." Whether this society can exhibit any successful results of its labours we know not, but our opinion is that to attempt the improvement of Syria is simply

putting the cart before the horse, and that a Turkish Government Improvement Committee should be the first step taken. What is the Sack Protection Society? We have heard of an employer giving his servant "the sack." Perhaps this society is framed for the effectual suppression of so inconvenient a custom, and may be regarded as a branch of the Trades' Unions. The "Ragged Church and Chapel Union" Society is evidently a scintillation from the active brain of Lord Ebury, signifying the Church Prayer-book torn to rags, and her creeds and services flavoured with a large infusion of the doctrines of Little Bethel. The "Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage" — or, in other words, the Society for throwing Church property into "hotspot" for the benefit of all denominations — has its head-quarters at 2 *Sergeants' Inn*. We hope that its spasmodic efforts to be mischievous will need no more powerful antidote than the "Church Association for Defensive and General Purposes" in Trafalgar Square. The "Marriage Law Reform Association" appears to be at present checkmated by the "Marriage Law Defence Association." At 7 *Princes Street*, *Cavendish Square*, may be found "The Nation's Gift to the British Volunteers." What that gift is we have not yet had the advantage of ascertaining. We trust the liberality of the nation will prove more substantial than that of Her Majesty's Government up to the present date. Can anybody acquaint us with the precise functions of the Genealogical Society? What has it ever done, and what does it propose to do? A friend of ours some years ago unguardedly became a life member at a cost of 5*l* sterling. From that time to this not the smallest benefit has accrued from the investment. The celebrated Irishman, who was dragged a mile inside a bottomless sedan chair, declared that, barring the honour and glory, he might as well have walked; and our friend may safely affirm that, barring the dignity of being a member of the Genealogical Society, he might as well have kept the five pounds in his pocket.

In addition to the well-known religious and charitable societies, there are a vast number of obscure reputation but grandiloquent pretensions. Casting a cursory glance over the list, it becomes almost puzzling to understand why there should be any more vice or misery in the world — why sickness and sorrow, wars and fightings, should continue to disfigure the face of creation. Besides the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and the Peace Society, and endless institutions for feeding, warming, sheltering, and physicking that rather numerous section of the population expressed by the monosyllabic word "poor," there are one or two associations that really leave nothing more to be wished, and ought by this time to have turned huge, smoky, noisy, many-peopled London into a perfect paradise, free from all stain of vice or sound of woe — where paupers, pickpockets, and policemen should be as difficult to find as the woodcocks and wild ducks that sportsmen once shot in the marshes of Belgravia. What shall we say to the "British Systematic Benevolence" Society? Mark — not simply benevolent, but "systematic" — meaning, no doubt, a steady and orderly system for the distribution of happiness and the annihilation of suffering throughout the length and breadth of society. Then, again, the "Society of Benevolence and Concord." What a cheering symptom of the age we live in, that good men should combine for so holy a purpose, and conduct their operations with such modest secrecy that nobody has yet been able to ascertain the results of their labours! They have done good by stealth, and there is no likelihood, for some time to come, that they should blush to find it fame. There is plenty of encouragement for foreigners. We have the Foreign Aid Society and the Society in aid of Distressed Foreigners. We have the Society for the Evangelization of Foreigners — meaning, as we suppose, the conversion to Low Church Protestantism of those benighted heathens, European Papists in general. Again, the swarthy sons of Asia, and the "darkies" from Africa, and the South Sea Islanders fresh from their meal of pickled curate or hashed archdeacon, may all find a refuge and, we trust, a hearty welcome at the "Home," West India Dock Road, E., established expressly for their reception.

One rather odd feature connected with these multifrom institutions we cannot omit to notice. The names of the secretaries are sometimes singularly appropriate. Connected with Irish missions to the Roman Catholics it is delightful to find a secretary of the name of Gabb — Lieut.-Colonel Gabb. The gift of the gab is a special Hibernian privilege, and no mission would prosper without it. The Marine Society is less fortunate in its secretary. His name is Rust, and we trust that it is not typical of the affairs of the association. The National Protestant Society is blessed with a Harper, who, no doubt, is always harping on one theme. Pepper stimulates the interior economy of the Polytechnic, and a Gent imparts an air of respectability to the Ragged School Union. One society possesses a Soul, another a Hart. The "Philanthropic Society for providing the Poor with Bread and Coals" bears the encouraging name of Heaps on its banner. On the other hand, another institution for administering relief moderates the expectations of the needy by brandishing before their eyes the depressing appellation of "Lean." The Shoeblock Society of St. Vincent of Paul shelters itself literally under the protection of a Saint. We regret to perceive that the Church Pastoral Aid Society is not without a Speck, and that another useful institution is disgraced by Mummery.

In the long array of societies, we do not find the name of one to which we propose to devote the remainder of our space — the British Anti-Tobacco-smoking Society. A meeting at Bristol — duly reported in the local journals — first made us acquainted with

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this valuable body of men. Bristol is celebrated for its "Bird's eye" — a preparation of tobacco combining the advantages of potency and cheapness. The principal tobacco firm at Bristol is composed of highly respectable dissenters, and the Anti-Tobacco-smoking Society is, no doubt, highly impregnated with the dissenting element. A nonconformist chairman presided over the meeting at Bristol, and a deputation from London, in the shape of a gentleman of the name of Reynolds — also, we presume, a dissenter — attended to do the speechifying. We do not know whether any representative of the great Bristol Bird's-eye firm was present on the occasion. It seems unkind towards a brother dissenter to select Bristol as the first battle-field in the new crusade against tobacco, but the soft instincts of affection must give way to the call of duty. Mr. Reynolds did the speechifying with remarkable energy. He put his foot on the *Times* newspaper by terming it "that blessed organ" — a pious sarcasm meaning, we presume, something precisely the reverse of a blessing — and followed up the blow by alluding to the "Fleet Street chip of Printing-house Square." It is difficult for the uninitiated to appreciate the force of this expression, but we conjecture that both the *Times* and *Punch* have excited the wrath of the Anti-Tobacco Society by evincing a partiality for the noxious weed. Having disposed of the "blessed organ" and "its Fleet Street chip," Mr. Reynolds careers onward to weightier matters. He examines the question from a sanitary point of view, and exhorts his hearers to "study their own bodies" that they may learn the ghastly evils resulting from indulgence in tobacco. Mr. Reynolds then delivers himself of the following rather "tall talk." "Smoking is a habit that carries thousands to the mad-house, and hundreds of thousands to the ever-rankling affliction of incurable diseases of the stomach." His authority for this statement is unluckily a considerable distance off — a medical superintendent of a lunatic asylum in New South Wales. Now a lunatic asylum in any locality is not an agreeable abode, but in New South Wales it must, indeed, be dismal. Insanity is notoriously catching, and we fear that the *dicta* of superintendents exposed to so trying an ordeal are about as valuable as those of the patients under their charge. We cannot, therefore, accept Mr. Reynolds's authority as conclusive. But Mr. Reynolds has another string to his bow. "An eminent authority" — the name and address are prudently withheld — asserts that he knows "no single vice that does so much harm as smoking." This, to say the least, is rather a cool assertion. However, the anti-tobacco orator throws some light on the statement a little further on. "It is a painful subject for contemplation that 90 per cent. of smoking young men are irreligious." From this remark we discover the process by which the anti-tobacco authorities prove to their own satisfaction the vicious tendencies of smoking. The majority of young men smoke tobacco. But it is to be feared that the majority of young men are not religious. Tobacco-smoking is, therefore, clearly the cause of their irreligion. It would be quite as much to the purpose to work out the problem thus: — The majority of young men dine. But the majority of young men are not religious. Therefore, dinner is the immediate cause of irreligion.

Now smoking may be a habit either to be wholly avoided or indulged in very sparingly. But this violent nonsense will do more harm than good. It is quite as ridiculous as the outcry against the introduction of tea and coffee. Disraeli the Elder has collected much curious information on this subject, and especially the "Women's petition against coffee," in 1674, complaining that "it made men as unfruitful as the deserts whence that unhappy berry is said to be brought; that the offspring of our mighty ancestors would dwindle into a succession of apes and pygmies, and on a domestic message a husband would stop by the way to drink a couple of cups of coffee." But the enormous consumption of tea and coffee has not diminished the population of the British Isles nor caused the Saxon race to dwindle into a succession of apes and pygmies. On the contrary, the use of these gentle stimulants has notoriously checked the fatal devotion to strong drink that carries so many evils in its train. Tobacco is a less innocent counter-attraction to strong drink than tea and coffee, yet it is no less a counter-attraction. Anything taken in excess is pernicious. The question is, where does excess begin? Many of the men of the middle and upper classes would be better without any tobacco whatever. But we are much mistaken if for the labouring population — that is, for the great majority of the nation — a pipe of tobacco after a hard day's work is not a wholesome solace rather to be encouraged than decried. The statement that tobacco leads to drinking is made by ignorant persons who may know a good deal of drinking, but nothing at all of smoking. The fact is absolutely the reverse, and can be proved to be so by statistics. How does the anti-tobacco orator endeavour to make good this libel on tobacco? "If drinking," he says, "were not the accompaniment of smoking, how comes it to pass that in juxtaposition with 1,400 licensed vendors of snuff and tobacco in Bristol there are 616 licensed vendors of fermented liquors?" An argument equally effective to prove that smoking is a direct stimulant to eccentricities in religious worship, for in the good old city of Bristol there are not only beer shops, but chapels and meeting-houses unnumbered, side by side with the unscrupulous vendors of the hated weed. On the whole, we agree with a gentleman "with luxuriant beard and moustaches," who rose towards the close of the discussion, and, amidst the plaudits of many, indignantly characterized Mr. Reynolds's omission by the short but expressive designation — "humbug!"

THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN PICTURES AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

HOWEVER much people disagree about other parts of the Exhibition, there is one part which all agree in praising. Everyone admires and praises the picture galleries. They are now so crowded that it is with the utmost difficulty any of the more remarkable pictures can be seen; and they are so large and the collection is so extensive that the spectator is wearied and over-powered before he has half passed through them. It takes many days to go through them superficially; and most persons who wander through them come away bewildered, and feel half provoked with themselves at their want of power to retain definite impressions or collect their scattered thoughts into a whole. And the critic feels what the spectator feels. It is as difficult to determine how the pictures ought to be judged as to say how they ought to be seen. It is the critic's business to ease the path of the spectator; and to write about pictures he must have examined them separately and carefully. But, in so vast a collection, there are so many pictures to examine in this way, that a detailed statement of the examination is apt to leave the spectator without the clue he seeks. He is as bewildered as ever. What he wants is some central thought on which to arrange his observations. We are inclined to think that the best basis of arrangement is the most obvious one. There is a separation between English and foreign pictures, which foreigners feel quite as much as we do, and the feeling of this difference never leaves us, however much we study the contents of these galleries. There is, we venture to think, no better beginning of criticism than an investigation of the leading characteristics of the English school, on the one hand, and of those of the foreign schools on the other. We will endeavour to state, as briefly as possible, what we conceive these respective characteristics to be. It will thus be easier on future occasions to go more minutely into details.

Anyone who passes from the English to the foreign galleries must be sensible of a certain loss of colour and brightness. There are, of course, many exceptions, but as a rule the foreign pictures look dead and flat after the English. This is visible even in the French school, but in the less advanced schools it is much more conspicuous. The less the Continental school of art seems to be developed, the less is there of colour and light in its productions. This is curious in one way, because the very countries where we most miss this colour, are precisely those where the brightest colours are habitually worn, and where we are accustomed to think that a southern sky and a southern sun instinctively suggest a gaiety and audacity of colouring in dress. There is, for example, a Spanish picture of real merit, "The execution of Padilla by Gombert" (1949), which represents a scene of Spanish history, and in which the colouring seems borrowed from the latitude of the Orkney Isles, and not from that of Andalusia. An English picture is lit up in a way that foreign pictures scarcely ever attempt to rival. One of the best foreign landscapes, "The Valley of the Embléve," by Kindermann (1807), in the Belgian Gallery, represents a heath scene with the utmost accuracy, truth, and finish. Probably it has great local correctness, and that is the way in which the Valley of the Embléve does really look in most days of the Belgian year. But the Surrey hills do not look much brighter on most days of an English year; and yet a sketch of the Surrey hills by one of the Linnells, for example, is all alive with sunny, rosy light. In drapery there is, of course, a nearer approximation; but still the difference remains distinctly visible. When a solid mass of red velvet has to be depicted, as in Engert's portrait of the Emperor of Austria (1890), there, of course, red velvet makes the picture red. But in general, the drapery is kept subordinate to the main effect of the picture. The Continental artist seems to feel disturbed by much colour. In such pictures, for example, as Aubert's *Confession* (119), the painter appears to have avoided any tint that could have distracted the mind from the tranquil pleasure of examining his beautiful design. There are few foreign artists superior to Piloty of Munich, and yet his *Nero* (764) presents an astonishing surface of grey tints. Sometimes this absence of love of colour degenerates into such tricks of playing with light, as Slingeneyer's *Martyr* (1843); but usually the foreign masters, when of a high order, are truthful and simple where they are cold. Those of a lower order are dead and flat, even to the point of utter unmeaningness. There are heaps of Swiss, and Danish, and Dutch pictures, in which their background is a lilac, or purple, big blotch for the mountains, and a blue and white or black and white blotch for the sky.

The next chief characteristic of the English pictures is, that there is more width and depth of feeling in them; and their third distinguishing feature is, that there is more variety and intensity of purpose in them. We may take these two together, for they are only two sides of the same thing. The Continental want of feeling is chiefly shown in their sacred pictures. It is true that the German Romantic school is very feebly represented, and that there is only one of Ary Scheffer's pictures in the French gallery. But even if there were more of both, it would still, we think, be felt that there is something dead and artificial in the modern sacred art of the Continent. It is an attempt to recall something that is past. Sometimes this takes the coarse shape of a cento of reminiscences from famous pictures of saints, as for instance, in Carl Müller's "Holy Family" (742), which has much technical merit, but is a Holy Family made to order out of the memory. In the higher foreign masters we see this absence

of feeling in sacred art appear in this, that the very best pictures from sacred history are excellent in every way but that of imaginative feeling, as in Richter's "Raising of Jairus's Daughter" (768), or else they are tinged with that unreal atmosphere of gentle romance, which shows that the thing over which the romance is poured out, is consciously to the artist a creation of fancy. In the English school there is more feeling, more imagination, more attempt to express what it is hard to express from the depth of the thought. Protestantism has at least kept us in this day from the purely conventional in religious art. We may like the "Light of the World" or not, but we cannot deny that it is a serious attempt to embody a thought which the painter felt deeply. This same greater reality of feeling is also at the bottom of the English superiority in paintings of the "incident" kind. There is more story, more dramatic life in the English pictures, because the artists have set themselves to do more, and to do it more thoroughly. There is much more attempted in English pictures, and especially in landscape pictures, than in foreign. There are no waves in any foreign picture at all like Stanfield's waves, and no distances at all like Turner's distances. In the skies of even distinguished foreign landscape painters there is scarcely any variety of cloud. If any of the more unusual appearances of nature is taken, as in the trees in a high wind of Diday (2009), there is really only one effect given. All the branches, although painted with considerable force and effect, are twisted exactly the same way. There is nothing like the diversity of agitation and appearance which would be rendered, or at least attempted, by an English artist of the same standing.

On the other hand, the foreign schools have a marked superiority in the conception of human action as a subject of representation and in the drawing of form. They throw themselves into the delineation of man in his noblest moments, in his hours of grandeur, and in his wrestling with fate or with his own spirit. They draw men of the size of life engaging in acts or undergoing sorrows which are tragic in the highest sense. The feeling produced by the best of their pictures of this sort is very like that produced by the best Greek or classical tragedy. We are invited to fix our attention on an event, or a scene, or a person, in which what some people call "human" interest is carried to the highest. Gallait's "Last Moments of Count Egmont" (1795), Piloty's "Nero," Delaroche's "Marie Antoinette" (113), Bouguerreau's "Triumph of Martyrdom" (107), and Richter's "Raising of Jairus's Daughter" are all conspicuous instances of this power of rendering human emotion and expressing human action on a large and free scale. Foreigners think more of form and do more with form than we can do. Ingres's "Spring" (79) and Aubert's "Confession" are pictures of which eyes accustomed to look for excellence in the immediate effect and colour of a picture can scarcely see the merits. Even in the inferior schools, what merit there may be is often only this power of drawing man. In the Spanish picture of which we have already spoken, "The Death of Padilla," the principal figure has so much life and ease and dignity in the drawing that the picture gets its stamp from this alone. In portrait painting, too—that is, in the representation of models with names—many of the foreign schools attain a success altogether out of proportion to that they reach otherwise. The two portraits, for example, by Capalti (2563 and 2564), present in their clear exact finish and lifelike expression a curious contrast to most of the second-hand affectation of the Roman school. The Danish portraits, indeed, are perhaps about the very feeblest specimens of the art ever seen out of the parlour of a country inn, but almost every other foreign school has sent admirable portraits. Richter's "Portrait of a Lady" (769), Flandrin's "Prince Napoleon" (95), and Tissier's "Abdel Kader" (139), are obvious examples; but they are only examples out of many that might be adduced.

When we have set before ourselves these characteristics of the English and Foreign Galleries, it is difficult to avoid associating them with the parallel characteristics of the literature of England and the Continent. The old contrast between Shakespeare and the French poets of the Louis XIV. era is always turning up. Brightness and unconventional imagination, and a multitudinous force and life, are as salient features as any in the Elizabethan drama. Human action, as exhibited in the critical moments of one or two great actors or sufferers, a delight in the fate of persons isolated, and yet concentrating the interest of mankind, and a taste for finish and form, are as salient features as any in the Louis XIV. drama. We may really derive help in approaching the galleries of the Exhibition by keeping this familiar contrast in our minds. It serves, as we have said, as a good central thought to begin with. But we must beware of falling under the tyranny of a thought which is only partially true at the best, and, so far as it is true, seems to be so by a sort of accident. It is better to go about gazing at picture after picture in an unreflecting succession, than to weave a little artificial theory into which everything shall be forced. What we have said of the differences of the two galleries is, we believe, true in the main, and useful as an introductory guide; but pressed too far it would soon lead us wrong. For, in the first place, much of this difference seems to be a question, not of the nation which produces the art, but of the time in the history of national art of which we are speaking. The greatest masters of colouring that the world has ever seen were Southerners, not Northerners. Much of the flatness and deadness of foreign art is rivalled by English pictures painted a very few years ago. What can be colder and quieter, for example, than Stothard's "Canterbury Pilgrimage," great as are its merits in some respects? We have had painters, and have them still, who exhibit a turn for the conventional

romance and conventional tenderness of the modern sacred art of the Continent. There are plenty of English painters—as, for instance, Danby and Constable, and, to some extent, Linnell—who, far from having a variety of aim proportionate to their great powers, have delighted in giving substantially the same thing over and over again. It must also be remembered that in some branches of art, and especially in the less ambitious kinds of landscape, all European art necessarily tends to be alike. Men come to agree how certain effects of land and water and wood are to be rendered. Few landscapes in the Exhibition are superior, within the scope of what is attempted, to Lanoue's "Pine Forest" (101) and Dahl's "Waterfall" (1417) in the Norwegian Gallery; but it would be absurd to pretend to see in them the characteristics of any particular school or nation. One sure way of missing the truth in a picture gallery is to try to be too clever, and to hope to construct theories that cannot be upset. In offering or seizing on general thoughts as a basis of investigation, we are but like insects putting out our antennae, and we shall find that, if we wish to behave like a decent and wise sort of insect, we shall very soon be inclined to draw them in again.

THE "LOAN" EXHIBITION OF WORKS OF FINE ART AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

No lover of art should neglect to pay an early visit to the astonishing collection of articles of *vertu* just opened in a new court which the indefatigable Captain Fowke has added to the South Kensington Museum. This new Exhibition is sadly in want of a name, and in the meanwhile all its contents are "on loan;" but the clumsiness of the appellation is no gauge of the merits of the show. It consists of works of art of every imaginable kind, which have been borrowed partly from public, but chiefly from private, collections for the purpose of exhibition during this Exhibition season. We should have excluded painting from the arts comprehended in this omnigenous collection, but that a single Van Eyck, of rare beauty, caught our eye, in one of the cases. We cannot be sorry to see this picture there, for its own sake, although, perhaps, it is rather out of place. There seems to be no upper limit of time in the collection. Earlier than the rude Christian enamels, and the carved ivory of the consular diptychs, we find here specimens of Greek, Roman, Egyptian, and Assyrian art, besides the torques, and brooches, and golden ornaments of the primitive Celts of Ireland, and the finest examples of the pre-English Christian school of that anomalous island. Nor can we tell exactly where the lower line is drawn. Perhaps it is at the close of the last century. At any rate, we noticed specimens of the British porcelains of Chelsea and Derby; and in the rude *repoussé* work of some coarsely designed rose-water dishes, used at the coronation of George III., we fancied that we saw perhaps the latest example of the proper method of chasing the precious metals until the comparatively recent revival of better art-principles among us. So it is not too much to say that so marvellous a display as this has perhaps never been brought together before. Every one knew that the wealth of our private collections of articles of *vertu* was enormous; but to see their choicest treasures ranged side by side for purposes of comparison was what no one ever expected. It is probable that such an opportunity may never recur, and, accordingly, we again invite our readers to profit by the present Exhibition while it is open.

Of course, the object of the active functionaries of the Brompton Museum has been to supplement and correct the neighbouring International Exhibition of works of modern art by this extraordinary display of the art of the past. In spite of all their exertions, however, the collection is open to the public prematurely. Many of the cases are still imperfectly arranged, and there is no catalogue as yet ready. It is true that, according to the excellent system of the Museum at South Kensington, many of the articles exhibited are legibly labelled; but for an exhibition of this kind an explanatory catalogue is indispensable. We can but shrug our shoulders and say this is less bad than an adjournment to the dead season. Better than either would have been a six months' earlier start.

It is impossible in these columns to do more than briefly mention some of the classes of fine art workmanship here represented. A volume might be written on almost every glass-case in the collection; and there is no limit to the description of particular "art-treasures," if we once yield to the temptation. Suffice it then to notice the contents of this Exhibition in the most general way. We will first take the Ceramic Art, which is not the least remarkable part of the show, although the collection which already belongs to the department is stronger in some branches. For example, that singular and mysterious manufacture of porcelain, called Henry II. ware, of which only fifty-three specimens are known to exist in the world, is represented here by no less than twenty-three pieces, being the whole number that is contained in English collections. Is there not an oriental *nuance* in its design? It looks almost like damascening imitated in crockery. The un-*"chaste"* Diana's crescent seems to have inspired the motive. It is no wonder that the precious case containing these rarities is generally surrounded by a group of admiring *virtuosi*. The matchless Sèvres belonging to the Queen, as well as other precious contributions of the same fabric, are seen to great advantage. We have already said that the comparatively little known porcelains of England may be studied here to great advantage; in particular, the collection of Wedgwood china is very remarkable, as the record of an industrial-art movement which men of this later generation had almost forgotten.

How rich the Exhibition is in works of glyptic art may be imagined when we say that Mr. Waterton's rings and gems are here collectively. Seals and medals, brooches, cameos, and intaglios, are contributed by other gentlemen in profusion. Mr. John Webb sends a very large array of carved ivories, of all ages and styles; and other collectors rival him, if not in the number, yet in the rarity and beauty, of their contributions. For instance, Mr. Beresford Hope's fine oval basin, elaborately carved in Germany during the latter half of the seventeenth century, with hunting scenes, makes its appearance here. But the purely mediæval work in ivory is, after all, the most beautiful. There are triptychs, and polyptychs, and statuettes, and pastoral staves, of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, which are terribly seductive by their taste and delicacy. We may remark here, in passing, that some of the exhibitors have preferred to keep their collections separate. Those gentlemen have shown, we think, the truer liberality who have allowed the officials to arrange their specimens in their proper classes along with others. An approximate chronological disposition of the whole display would have been, if attainable, a most instructive and interesting thing.

In jewellery, the mere art-workmanship is often surpassed by the historic or sentimental interest of the particular object. Thus, we observe that the rosary which Mary Queen of Scots wore on the day of her execution, duly attracts its crowd of gazers. Near this, to mention another relic, is the pectoral cross belonging to the Abbot of Colchester, who was put to death for "denying the royal supremacy." Signor Castellani has sent here a most beautiful set of golden ornaments, necklace, bracelet, and ear-rings, brought from a tomb at Alexandria of Ptolemaic date—which testify to the accuracy of his clever reproductions in the Italian Court in the International Exhibition. The exquisite beauty of Mr. Beresford Hope's enamelled sardonyx vase—confidently attributed to Benvenuto Cellini—is liable to be overlooked from its proximity to larger objects; whereas, even among the invaluable art-treasures which surround it, it has but few rivals for delicacy of design and consummate execution. The jewel department also contains gems remarkable for their size, such as the largest pearl and catseye, and the sword-handle of Murat of a single beryl.

For the show of gold and silver plate the public and private collections of England have been ransacked unsparingly. The City Companies, the various municipal bodies throughout the country, the Colleges of the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford and St. Andrews have sent hanaps, and salvers, and goblets, and salt-cellars, and grace-cups, and maces, and staves, and croziers. Several noblemen have lent their wine-coolers, of magnificent dimensions, and imposing weight of gold and silver, but (it must be confessed) of barbaric art. The grotesque *conceits* of the mediæval goldsmiths may be studied abundantly in this collection. Every kind of "centre-piece" (as we should call them now)—birds, and monsters, and chimeras—will be found here in distracting numbers. And the reliquaries are almost equally varied and equally funny. Prodigious ingenuity was employed to reproduce in the metal work of the encasing shrine the shape of the particular relic which was to be enclosed. Sometimes the reliquary took the form of a head, sometimes of a limb; and an apostle's bone was sometimes "set," with frightful literalness, in a silver-gilt thumb or finger, as stark and stiff as the fragment of mortality which it contained. Among the Renaissance metal-work, the Cellini Shield, again most kindly contributed by the Queen, maintains its position. But we believe that the general suffrage will pronounce that Lord Folkestone's "steel chair" stands pre-eminent in iron-work. This wonderful work of art, executed by Rukers in 1577, as a present from the city of Augsburg to the Emperor Rudolph II., is a perfect museum of figures delicately modelled and gracefully grouped. Its subject is as ambitious as its execution is perfect, being an allegory of the world's history founded on Nebuchadnezzar's dream—a useful lesson from a free city to a *Kaiser*.

Of enamels we have hardly yet spoken. The veriest tyro may learn here to distinguish between the *cloisonné* and the *champlevé* processes. There are enamels in this Exhibition of all ages and of all styles, beginning with the *cloisonné* Byzantine cross once in the Debruges collection. Dr. Rock's famous portable altar is here; and the whole art may be studied, from the rudest Byzantine to the latest style of Limoges, and so on till recent times. The modern enamels of Poussiergue-Rusand, and Rudolphi themselves are pale and coarse beside the specimens that may be seen in this collection. We do not dare to analyze the imperfect examples of Limoges of its second or Renaissance school. The specimens most remarkable for their size, though surpassed in delicacy by other works, are the series of portraits belonging to Mr. Danby Seymour and Mr. Magniac. We must not forget other processes, such as damascening and niello-work. There is also a specimen of style *per se*, which probably not one in ten thousand visitors will notice, a cup of the fourteenth century, with window-shaped *cloisonné* ornamentation of transparent glass. Then, again, there is emboidery, in which Stonyhurst and Oscott contribute some gorgeous sacerdotal vestments; while another case contains a pair of dainty hawking-gloves, covered with needlework. The well-known funeral-pall, in the possession of the Fishmongers' Company, is an invaluable addition to this part of the display. The art of the illuminator and miniaturist is sufficiently represented, although the illuminations are not yet arranged; and there are some—but too few—specimens of ancient bookbinding. Of glass, besides an extensive collection of antique specimens, there is a good show of the choicest Venetian. It was a curious

taste to make snuff-boxes a vehicle of art; but as the eighteenth century did so, there is no harm in the nineteenth collecting them. Of several such collections here brought together, that belonging to the Duke of Cambridge is perhaps the most remarkable. Other people collect watch-cases, and there are some very noticeable specimens here. The miniatures have an interest of their own, over and above, and perhaps higher than, their mere art-value. The collection of these is very large indeed, and a most fascinating one. It has often struck us that, from the immense stores of miniatures in English collections, a series of historical portraits of unspeakable value might be produced by some skilful use of photography. Finally, here are many specimens of ornate domestic furniture of various epochs. We could almost wish these had found a separate habitation, for such an exhibition would be one of very great value and interest. Here perhaps the furniture is scarcely in keeping with the rest.

We have said more than enough to show the importance of the present collection. It is positively embarrassing in its richness and variety. There have been several previous exhibitions of the same kind—especially that at Manchester. But none have equalled the present one in extent and completeness. It is not without good reason that the South Kensington authorities have thus shown the master-pieces of ancient art over against the display of modern art in the neighbouring Exhibition. There is a moral to be learnt from the comparison. We hope that the craftsmen of 1862 will learn modesty at least from the study of their predecessors' excellence. We may safely say that there is more ingenuity, more originality, more subtle adaptation, more delicate manipulation, and more vital energy, in some of these works of long-forgotten artists of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, than in whole counters full, and in some of the most ambitious "trophies," of the works of the last decade. The exhibitors of the present year must not be content with excelling those of 1851—let them try to rival the true artists of past ages.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

POPULAR as M. Meyerbeer has become in England of late years, his first French opera—that by which he placed himself at the head of modern dramatic composers—has never achieved the success in this country which has attended it abroad, and which has been liberally accorded to his other works. The *Huguenots* and the *Prophét* always command large audiences, even when indifferently played, and his two operas composed for the *Opéra Comique* (which, it cannot too often be impressed upon English ears, does not necessarily mean *Comic Opera*, but *Opera* in which the action is carried on by spoken dialogue as well as concerted pieces) have been uniformly liked and admired. *Robert-le-Diable*, however, has failed to establish a permanent footing in our operatic *répertoire*. It has been tried in French, in German and in Italian, but neither dress has succeeded in disguising certain defects fatal to its reception among us, as an addition to our list of favourite operas. On its first introduction by Monk Mason, it was assailed by a torrent of hostile, and, in many instances, absurd criticism, but Meyerbeer was then a sealed book to those whose musical taste and partialities had been formed in the old style of opera. Nor did it fare much better when given by a German company some years later, although well sung in the German style, or when presented by the *troupe* of the Brussels Opera in 1846. The Jenny Lind *furore* infused into it a kind of galvanic life, but even then the singer and not the opera was the attraction, so much so that during the second season of her short operatic career in England, the entire part of the *Princesse* was omitted, involving the excision of the second and fourth acts—a proceeding Mr. Puff would have stigmatized as belonging rather to the axe than the pruning knife. Later still, it was brought out with much magnificence in the old Covent Garden; but although it has had at different times the advantage of the original Alice, so admirable a Robert as Signor Tamberlik, the charm of Signor Mario in the little part of Rambaldo, and the picturesque force of Herr Formes in the part of the demoniac Bertram, nothing has raised any enthusiasm for the work. We have little hesitation in ascribing this want of success to the story upon which Meyerbeer has constructed his opera. The idea of a contest between good and evil tendencies for the supremacy in the breast of the hero is common to several operatic plots, as in *Der Freischütz*, *Faust*, and other pieces; but to please us this idea must be treated according to Teutonic, and not French notions. *Der Freischütz* has always been popular in England; and it cannot, therefore, be the introduction of the genius of evil which offends. No other opera of Meyerbeer's has furnished so much music to the drawing-room, since no other has so many continuous airs unbroken by the action of the piece. In no other opera has the composer given us such sprightly tunes, and there is that freshness in the music which, from a repetition of similar effects and contrivances, his later operas somewhat want. With all these advantages, the opera has the great defect of never once exciting interest in any of the characters. Signor Rossini has been justly blamed for employing such stupid books as are many of his operas for the settings of his delicious melodies; but few of his characters are so utterly uninteresting as Roberto or Isabella, and few contain a love story for which we care so little as that of Alice and Rambaldo. In fact, it was the ballet of the resuscitated nuns—a purely French notion—which established the opera in Paris. With such antecedents

it seems strange that both Opera Houses should have announced *Robert-le-Diable* as the *pièce de résistance* of the season. Mr. Mapleton, we suppose, was actuated by a desire to present Mdlle. Titiens to her English admirers in a new character, and the management of Covent Garden has been urged to the same course by the opportunity which the opera undoubtedly presents for displaying that pomp and magnificence of spectacle for which that theatre has rendered itself famous, and for which the size of the stage affords such admirable capabilities.

Like all Meyerbeer's works, *Robert-le-Diable* requires the greatest care in rehearsal to secure the requisite precision and crispness for an adequate performance of the opera; and we think that, in his anxiety to fulfil the promise of his programme, increased perhaps by a wish to anticipate the rival house, the manager of Her Majesty's Theatre produced this elaborate musical drama somewhat too early. We know the great difficulty which always exists in England of obtaining proper preparation for grand and complicated operas, and that it is our habit to trust to two or three rehearsals as sufficient; but the performance of Saturday last should convince managers how perilous it is, more especially with forces which have not yet attained a high degree of discipline, to present such works as *Robert-le-Diable* without the fullest preparation. The cast was as strong as the company at Her Majesty's Theatre would allow; and in two instances it was really excellent, at all events as far as the music was concerned. Mdlle. Titiens essayed the part of Alice for the first time in England, but we do not think her performance will add to her reputation as a dramatic artist. It is but rarely that singers can successfully undertake characters out of the style in which they have won their previous renown. Mdlle. Titiens has been universally recognised as Grisi's legitimate successor. Her physique—her superb voice—mark her out as peculiarly fitted for parts which demand a stately presence and a passionate and an impressive manner of acting. In such characters as Norma, Lucrezia Borgia, and Semiramide, Mdlle. Titiens is now without a rival; but for characters which require a simplicity, a freshness, and an apparent absence of stage training—such as Amina, Dinorah, or Alice—she is less fitted. It is the same with singers who have succeeded in these simpler parts, when they are tempted to cope with the more imposing characters of tragic opera. Everyone will recollect how signal a failure was Jenny Lind's impersonation of Norma; and equally so was Grisi's attempt to present the Norman maiden the heroine of Meyerbeer's opera. Mdlle. Titiens must, we fear, be taken to have added another to the list of those who fail when they venture out of the limits their powers clearly impose. From the first moment when Alice is dragged on by the followers of Robert, there was none of the shrinking timidity of the simple peasant girl, supported by her loyalty to the wishes of Robert's mother. Mdlle. Titiens was far too self-possessed. She pitted herself against Bertram from the first with the knowledge that she must be successful; and the enthusiasm in a holy cause, in which she herself is the half-unconscious agent—the Joan-of-Arc confidence in her mission—was never once hinted at, far less presented, to the audience. Similarly, in the scene with Bertram, in the third act, the whole conception seemed to us a mistake. She seized the cross with a defiant look, just as Norma strikes the gong before the affrighted Pollio; but the shrinking at the foot of the cross, the terror mingled with faith in its protective power, which Jenny Lind brought out by such delicate touches, were wanting. The last act was decidedly the best part of Mdlle. Titiens' performance, because there the part rises to the height of tragedy, and the simple maiden is lost in the devoted woman who would drag Robert from the awful fate he is preparing for himself. Opportunity is here afforded for that vehemence of manner which is out of place in the other parts of the opera.

What we have already said applies only to Mdlle. Titiens' acting of Alice. There is no one on the present operatic stage who could sing the music as she did on Saturday. Several passages tax the upper notes very severely, but Mdlle. Titiens never wavered once; all the tones were full and clear. The unaccompanied trio was carried through solely by her efforts, as she obtained very little support from her coadjutors, and in the finale to the opera her notes rang through the house above orchestra, organ, and chorus. A little more simplicity in the popular "Quand je quittai" would have made the singing of that air perfect. The part of Isabella does not, like Alice, require an actress as well as a singer. Her share of the music consists of two cavatinas and the finale to the second act; but as the action of the opera is not involved in these pieces (in fact, the second and fourth acts almost justify the treatment they received when the opera was last played at Her Majesty's Theatre, such excrescences do they seem), they only require a singer with a pleasing flexible voice. Mdlle. Carlotta Marchisio possessed just these requisite qualifications, and gave both the songs extremely well; the "Robert, toi que j'aime" especially was sung with considerable pathos, and all the difficult florid passages were given with great ease and neatness. A little more spirit might with advantage have been infused into the finale, but, with this exception, Mdlle. Marchisio's rendering of the music was eminently satisfactory. We wish we could say as much for the rest of the cast. What we observed of Signor Armandi, when noticing his performance of Raoul, remains true of his Roberto. In a more energetic part we imagined that he might have justified the expectations which had been formed of him, but we fear his voice is either lost, or he never had sufficient for so large a theatre as Her Majesty's. His intonation, too, was sadly at fault throughout the evening, and his acting of the part, ungrateful as it certainly is, was not of a nature to reconcile us to the

want of charm in the rest of his performance. Signor Vialetti is, we suppose, the best Bertram now attainable for the Italian stage, but we cannot think his voice or style adapted for the character. The deep bass notes which are wanted to give the proper effect to several passages in his music are there, but they want power, and are scarcely pleasant in tone; in fact, the voices for which such parts were written seem to be disappearing altogether. At long intervals, some German bass appears who is gifted with these exceptional notes; but the Germans are rarely effective on the Italian stage, and even Standig, admirable artist as he was, failed to create an impression when he played this character with Jenny Lind. Signor Vialetti wanted energy in the gambling scene, and hardly expressed the emotions of Bertram in the third act, where, rushing into the cavern, he learns his doom, should he fail in ensnaring Robert; but he otherwise gave a respectable, if not a remarkable, reading of the character. We were more pleased with Signor Bettini's Rambaldo than with either of the characters we have just mentioned. The quality of this gentleman's voice is admirably adapted to the part, and, if he would moderate a tendency to exaggeration in his acting, he would be as good a representative of it as could be desired. His singing of the duett with Bertram—one of the cleverest things in the opera, by the way—was admirable. M. Gassier gave weight to the cast by singing excellently, as indeed he always does, the small part of the priest in the fifth act. We have already said that further preparation should have been bestowed upon this opera. The chorus was imperfect, especially in the finale to the fourth act, and the stage arrangements appeared to have been inadequately considered. The band also showed the want of careful rehearsals, and Signor Arditto had a difficult task both to keep them together and to prevent a great tendency to drag nearly all the movements. No music suffers so much as Meyerbeer's from this treatment, and no composer has endeavoured so strenuously, by the change of rhythm and the interpolation of bars in different times from the rest of the movement, to prevent its occurrence. We dare say, however, that a few nights will remedy this defect, since there is no reason with so excellent an orchestra that it should exist at all. The scenery and dresses are very good, and the resuscitation of the nuns is an effective picture, although, on the first night, one or two mishaps occurred in transforming the departed nuns into seductive ballet girls. On the whole, we do not anticipate that this fresh attempt will secure for *Robert-le-Diable* any great increase of popularity; but nevertheless, the energy and liberality which have been displayed in producing the opera may, while so many foreigners and strangers are in London, succeed for some time in filling the house.

M. THALBERG'S MATINÉES.

FROM the virginals of Queen Elizabeth, and the harpsichord upon which Miss Byron used to perform for Sir Charles Grandison's delight in the cedar parlour, to a modern grand pianoforte by Broadwood or Erard, what a stride! Accustomed as we are to the full rolling tones of our present instruments, it is difficult to imagine how their predecessors could have been endured. Let any one who has never heard a harpsichord recall those musical toys—Heaven save the mark—which he was wont to drag about in his childhood—let him somewhat intensify the irritating twang-twang they used to give out, and he obtains a tolerable notion of the tones of the precursor of the modern pianoforte. Any sostenuto effect was, of course, out of the question, and there was, therefore, no inducement for a composer with a particle of feeling to produce music of any depth for such an instrument. Till the time of Corelli and Handel, nothing but the popular airs of the day were arranged for the virginal or harpsichord, varied with a series of staccato divisions, or perhaps taken as the subject of a fugue. The pieces of Corelli and Handel were no doubt a great advance upon the early style, but the effects intended to be produced and the construction of the "lessons," as they were called, show clearly—and at the same time very properly—the nature of the instruments for which they were designed. Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" is the only piece, out of the great number he composed for the harpsichord, which has been considered worth producing in modern times on the pianoforte. With the invention of the piano and its successive improvements to the present day, has sprung up a species of composition which was impossible under the conditions imposed by the nature of the harpsichord. The Sonatas of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven were quite a new era in music, being compositions of the highest class, filled with melody and masterly harmonies. Besides these great names, a mass of admirable music of the same kind was produced by Dussek, Wolff, and others, specimens of which have lately been given at the Monday Popular Concerts. All these composers have employed the favourite modern style of writing for the piano, having left some masterly variations upon well-known or original melodies. In more modern times, however, the Sonata seems to have been neglected, and the forms which compositions for the piano have taken for some years are either that of a "song without words," in which Mendelssohn led the way, and whose examples are still and are likely to continue unsurpassed, or pieces of executive display and elaborate ornament founded on some popular melody. In this latter class, M. Thalberg, the originator of many of its chief characteristics, reigns supreme. Between these two styles (for to one or the other nearly all modern pianoforte music may be referred), we have of course every variety;

but the latter is naturally the more numerous, since every teacher of the piano, whatever his abilities as a composer, thinks he is bound to discharge the duty Bacon says every man owes to his profession, by disguising *a discrétois* the tune of the day, and adding a fresh burden to the already overladen shelves of his unfortunate publisher.

It is the misfortune of all originators of any new style to have its most prominent and distinguishing features distorted and caricatured by a host of imitators, who generally reproduce its peculiarities, carefully shorn of what gave them interest and fitness when used by the inventor. M. Thalberg has, of course, suffered very severely from this inevitable law. It was easy to see how much the public was struck with the wonderfully intricate and elaborate variations he bestowed upon his themes, and how much it was carried away by the brilliancy of the effects he produced, and, to a certain extent, to imitate the treatment by which all this was accomplished. Consequently, every petty professor of the piano took any popular air and treated it as the gypsies do stolen children — disguised it in such a manner that no one could by any possibility recognise its identity. But it was not easy to imitate the skill with which M. Thalberg always preserved the rhythm of the original phrase, however much ornamented, or the admirable harmonies with which he relieved what might otherwise seem trivial; and accordingly what originally pleased the public ear from M. Thalberg disgusted it in inferior hands. A reaction came in favour of classical piano music, and a protest was made against pieces which were constructed simply to show how difficult music might be written for the piano, and to exhibit how much mechanical skill it was possible for the player to acquire. We all remember how Mr. Thackeray quizzed the rage for this style of music in the *Suburb Papers*. Miss Wirt's performance of a fantasia upon *Such a getting up Stairs* must be in every one's recollection. Yet it must not be forgotten that, apart from the elegance which many of these brilliant pieces possess, and the great skill with which M. Thalberg works in the airs he employs, these pieces have reacted with great advantage upon the construction of the piano, and have largely contributed to secure its present perfection. Each succeeding difficulty has shown what was wanting in the instrument, and has indicated the direction in which the improvement should be made. The capabilities of a good piano are certainly exhibited to great advantage by the performance of one of M. Thalberg's fantasias, and hence the taste for his music produced a rivalry among the great pianoforte makers who should turn out instruments best adapted for such pieces, resulting in the numerous improvements which have made the piano what we now find it. While, however, we recognise what this class of music has done for the piano, there can be little question that, in most cases, the composition of such works sinks into the merest mechanical manufacture of commonplace *roulades* and conventional ornaments.

Thinking of this alteration in the public taste, and the very far higher standard of musical education among us at the present day as compared with ten or fifteen years back, we were very curious to see whether M. Thalberg's old power of astonishing and delighting an audience was dimmed after an interval of nearly eleven years. Other pianists had become famous since the Exhibition of 1851, both of the classical school — founding their reputation on their admirable rendering of the music of Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven — and also in M. Thalberg's own peculiar style. Would, then, M. Thalberg still maintain that superiority over all other pianoforte players which was formerly universally conceded to him? His reception at his first *matinée* from a brilliant audience, including almost every musician of any mark at present in London, must have assured him he had not been forgotten, and a very few bars assured his audience that he had returned after his long absence the same M. Thalberg as when they last heard him. There was the same ease, the same astonishing variety of tone which he alone among pianists seems capable of obtaining from the instrument, the same clearness in the most complicated passages, giving every one the notion that he must have an extra hand at work, the same admirable phrasing — all were there, all as perfect and enchanting as when he was last heard in London. The programme comprised, of his own compositions, two ballads or "songs without words," two fantasias on opera airs, and variations on "Home, Sweet Home," which Miss Arabella Goddard so often plays. He also played "A to o carn," from the *Puritani*; the barcarolle from Donizetti's *Giovanni de Calais*, and a duett from *Il Flauto Magico*. These three pieces were introduced to illustrate what M. Thalberg terms the "art of singing as applied to the piano," and besides all this, there was a new Tarantella and March of Rossini. The first piece, a "song without words," was remarkable for the manner in which both air and accompaniment were played with the left hand. To any one not watching the player it would have seemed that both hands must be employed, so clear and distinct was each part. The three operatic airs exhibited to the fullest extent M. Thalberg's power of expression — every gradation of tone was employed with the most exquisite taste. We think it is in this that M. Thalberg shows his superiority over other pianists. The piano is not a sympathetic instrument, and it is almost impossible to obtain from it that pathos and sentiment which the violin may be made to produce, but M. Thalberg does somehow contrive to make the piano give out tones which sometimes challenge in their effect the king of instruments. These operatic *morceaux* were not elaborately treated, but arranged simply from the score; and many singers might have taken a lesson both in the expression with which the airs should be rendered and in the method of phrasing.

The fantasia from *Don Giovanni* is built upon the serenade and the minuet. The manner in which M. Thalberg contrives to give the violin obbligato, the melody and the accompaniment in the serenade is something marvellous — it appears precisely as if a third hand was employed to play one of the parts. Although taken somewhat fast, which is of course quite allowable in a fantasia, at no instant was there the least confusion in any of the three parts, but the whole was brought out as distinctly as if it had been sung to an orchestra. The treatment of the minuet well displays M. Thalberg's ingenuity. The air is made to appear perpetually in different parts of the piano, and emerges as it were from the scales and passages by which it is developed.

The fantasia from *Elise d'Amore* was the last piece in the programme, and is perhaps one of the most difficult pieces of the kind ever composed. The close especially demands an iron wrist and the greatest steadiness; the chance of hearing it well played, except by M. Thalberg himself, is, we should think, very small. To him, however, it seemed a matter of the most perfect ease, and he played it as if it had been a simple air from an instruction book. In both these fantasias the melody is never once lost, so that the thread upon which the ornaments and *tours de force* are strung always retains its form, and the ear is not irritated or disappointed in its attempts to discover and follow the original theme. This is equally the case with "Home, Sweet Home," the variations to which are so well known. The novelties were a ballad of M. Thalberg's, and the Tarantella of Rossini. The ballad, in a minor key, is singularly quaint, and the harmonies are striking, without emulating the modern German school. But what shall we say of Rossini's Tarantella, so bright and fresh that it was alone worth any trouble to hear? And then the graceful march which separates the movements of the Tarantella? Something ought surely to be done to a man who can compose such music, and yet resolutely refuses to indulge the world with any but homeopathic doses. A great desire was manifested that this Tarantella should be repeated, but M. Thalberg, mindful of what he had yet to do, declined the compliment. The length of this *matinée* was admirable, something under two hours, and, although M. Thalberg was unassisted in any way, the whole entertainment being his playing of the nine pieces we have mentioned, scarcely any one left till the very last piece was finished. No other pianist could, we think, have succeeded in interesting an audience with the kind of music we have been describing. We confess to preferring the more severe style of pianoforte music, but it must always be a pleasure to hear the fancies with which a composer of M. Thalberg's talent can surround and enrich a well-known melody; and when they are played by M. Thalberg himself we hear them invested with a grace and charm which takes them out of the class of similar pieces. As an executant, he is certainly unsurpassed, and in many respects quite unequalled, and, whatever may be thought of the style of his compositions, it is certain "qu'il est le premier de son genre," even if "son genre n'est pas le premier."

REVIEWS.

THE LEADBEATER PAPERS.*

THE *Leadbeater Papers* consist of the autobiography and correspondence of a Mrs. Mary Leadbeater, the wife of a Quaker settled at the end of the last century at Ballitore, in the county Wicklow. She was the daughter of one Quaker schoolmaster, and the grand-daughter of another, her maiden name being Shackleton, and the Shackletons presiding over the school of Ballitore generation after generation. When she grew to be an old woman, Mrs. Leadbeater wrote a record of all she remembered of her youthful days, under the title of the *Annals of Ballitore*, and this record fills the first volume of the present collection. She was a clever, lively, affectionate person, and her virtues seem to have been shared by the other members of her family. Her father's worth had attracted in early life the friendship of Edmund Burke, and some of the letters written by the great Irish statesman to Richard Shackleton came into her possession, and are now published in the second volume of the *Leadbeater Papers*, although it is only very indirectly that Mrs. Leadbeater had anything to do with them. She was also a friend of Mrs. Trench, and several letters that she sent to or received from that lady have also now been collected and published. In her latter years she struck up a correspondence with Crabbe, whom she addressed as a stranger to inquire whether the characters in his *Tales* were real or fictitious, and who answered so kindly that she went on corresponding with him. These letters to and from Crabbe form the third part of the collection of correspondence now printed. Altogether, the *Leadbeater Papers* are a pleasing publication. They present us with a picture of Quaker life seen through a rosy medium, and with the traits of a character tinged by Quaker simplicity, and having a range of feeling and thought beyond what we should have thought a Quakeress would possess. But Quakerism seems in some respects to have sat lightly on the Shackleton family. Except that they used the second person singular and had a sincere horror of war, their creed does not seem to have made them different from other benevolent, careful, affectionate people. They had, indeed, a great

* *The Leadbeater Papers*. London: Bell & Daldy. 1862.

partiality for the Quaker families with which they were connected, and a sort of traditional preference for quiet dress and ugly bonnets. But they were much more cultivated than most members of their sect, and had, especially as school-keepers, a great professional liking for classical literature. The contrast between the fond knowledge of heathen poets and the cultivation of a more than Early-Christian simplicity and unworldliness assumes a curious but not unpleasing shape in the writings of Mary Leadbeater.

Mary Shackleton was born at Ballitore in 1758. Her father, Richard Shackleton, kept a boarding-school which had been established in the year 1726 by his father Abraham Shackleton. The school enjoyed a very high reputation, and a large proportion of the boys there belonged to families who were not members of the Society of Friends. Richard Shackleton was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and was a man of considerable classical attainments. Mary begins her reminiscences in 1766, when she was eight years old. During her early years she has principally to tell of the tiny events that marked the unruled surface of existence at Ballitore. The people were mostly Quakers there, and they were a thriving well-to-do set. Their creed bound them together in an intimacy closer than that which generally unites the inhabitants of the same village, and their comfortable position made their houses and bits of land sufficiently associated with the fortunes of a family to acquire a traditional interest. But Mary saw something, even as a child, of the world beyond. There was a big house or two near, where the people were not Quakers, and her father's reputation secured her acquaintances and friends in the capital and in England. But dearer to her heart than even Ballitore, or the friends of her father, were the favourite boys of her father's school. There seems to have prevailed in the school a love for the master and his family which is certainly not a very frequent feature in more worldly schools. Mary, in common with all her friends, sincerely loved some of the boys whom circumstances or character attracted to the home circle, and treated them as if they were all kinsfolk rather than acquaintances. The boys repaid the love. Mary has endless stories to tell of soldiers and sailors who came back from the wars to their beloved Ballitore. All this is told with a simple candour and a graphic power of setting different characters in quick succession before the reader, which show that Mary's reputation of being a very clever little girl and a very superior young woman was not unfounded. She married, in 1791, a Quaker who settled down as a successful farmer in Ballitore, and her life passed calmly and happily away till 1798, when the troubles of Ireland fell even on the quiet retreat of her home. The inhabitants of Ballitore suffered greatly both from the rebels and the soldiery, but much more from the latter. They do not seem to have had the remotest connection with the rebellion, but they were weak and quiet and comparatively rich. They therefore attracted the notice of both sides, and the soldiery, who came last, behaved with a brutality that is almost incredible to us now and here, but which the Virginians, who have lately tasted the cup of bitterness of a civil war, might possibly understand. They murdered and plundered without a shadow of excuse, or a thought of justification. If they fancied the contents of a house, they gutted it—if they were indifferent to its contents, they burned it. If a man offended them, they shot him; if a woman offended them, they quieted her with the butt end of a musket on her head or breast. At last, however, this tyranny was overpast, and the Shackleton family, which had been exposed to great dangers, but had not to mourn the loss of any of its members, took courage and settled into the pursuits of ordinary life. For many years they, as well as their neighbours, suffered from the general misery and ruin the rebellion had entailed, but gradually things came round, and Mary Leadbeater found time and heart to resume her writing. She published several poems, and some successful works intended for the instruction of the poor. The *Annals of Ballitore* are carried down to 1824, two years before her death, and although they are very unpretending, and a little monotonous, they make us feel that we know the writer almost from her cradle to her grave, and that she was a very amiable and intelligent woman.

Edmund Burke was educated at Ballitore School, which he entered in 1741. After he left school and went to Dublin he continued to keep up the acquaintance of his young friend Dicky Shackleton, and wrote him a good many letters, which Richard stored up, and which are now announced as "Letters from Edmund Burke, heretofore unpublished." They might as well have remained unpublished, with a few exceptions, so far as Burke's reputation is concerned. They are for the most part such letters as one studious boy might naturally write to another. They tell us that Burke was reading in 1744 nine chapters of *Burgersdius* and the *Tabula Cebetis*, "which my tutor recommends as a very fine picture of human life," and that he has perused and approved of a "very curious and judicious piece" of Shackleton's composition on Self-Love. These letters are lively and natural, but it is the awkward liveliness of a boy, and they give no promise of the largeness of Burke's mind. More uninteresting reading can scarcely be provided for those who cannot take pleasure in the little things of a great man; but perhaps there may be enthusiasts who will think these early letters of Burke truly delightful. The correspondence makes a sudden jump to 1751, and even then we do not come to much except a complaint from Burke about a notice of him written by his friend, in which Shackleton had not given Burke's father credit for being so high a kind of attorney as Burke considered him to have been. We have only found one letter in the collection that does anything more than prove—what all the

letters prove—that Burke was a faithful friend, and continued to the end of his days to have the kindest regard for the friends of his youth. In this letter, written in 1783, Burke expresses very candidly his opinion of Lord Shelburne. "This wicked man, and no less weak and stupid than false and hypocritical, has contrived to break to pieces the body of men whose integrity, wisdom, and union were alone capable of giving consistency to public measures." Burke always hated his enemies, and admired himself and his friends, with great honesty and thoroughness; and on this occasion he took the trouble to express his political feelings to his Quaker friend. But this is a very faint contribution to Burke's history, and otherwise his letters to Shackleton do not offer much material to those who might wish to expand his biography.

The correspondence of Mrs. Trench and Mrs. Leadbeater would form much the most interesting part of these volumes were it not that many of these letters of Mrs. Trench have already been published by the Dean of Westminster. Mrs. Trench is one of those people of whom it is impossible to hear too much. The delicacy and vivacity of her mind appear in everything she writes. Those who have lately read her *Remains* will remember how it was she became acquainted with Mrs. Leadbeater. She was then Mrs. St. George, and she arrived at Ballitore in order to visit one of her estates in the neighbourhood. The inn was full, and Mrs. St. George asked and obtained shelter in the quiet Quaker house. This led to an intimacy only interrupted by death. Mrs. Trench engaged her friend's zealous cooperation in the care of the poor on her estate, and between them they reclaimed a numerous body of the tenantry from misery and degradation to comfort and industry. Mrs. Trench's letters now published contain, however, a few of the stories she tells so well, and which do not appear in the Dean's volume. There is one of the Duke of Queensbury, which she had from an ear-witness. Leaning over the balcony of his beautiful villa near Richmond, he followed with his eye the majestic Thames, winding through groves and buildings of varied loveliness, and exclaimed, "Oh! that wearisome river, will it never cease running, running on, and I so tired of it." This is a touch of *blaséness* which is almost poetical. The following criticism on Madame de Sevigné is also amusing and just:—"I must defend Madame de Sevigné a little from your friend. She now and then speaks unfeeling, I know, but it is the want of feeling of infancy. Like my second little boy, who corrected some one who said we should meet all our friends in heaven, and answered, with the most satisfied expression, and the countenance which painters gave to a seraph, 'Oh, no, for some of our friends will be in hell,' I am sure Madame de Sevigné's insensibility arose from similar want of reflection." Mrs. Trench kept Mrs. Leadbeater *au courant* of the literary gossip of London, and sent her such amiable judgments as this on Lord Byron's marriage:—"Lord Byron is to marry Miss Milbanke, of whom report speaks highly. The marriage is suitable in every point of which man can judge. She has been educated on a much more enlarged plan than the tyranny of custom allots to women, and he has loved her two years; but she has been cruel till now." She has also a scrap to send about another literary person whose memory has lately been resuscitated:—"Mrs. Piozzi is about sixty or seventy. You may judge of her vigour and spirits when I tell you that two years since she went to a masquerade disguised as a constable, attended by two other ladies as watchmen; and they amused themselves by throwing the whole assembly into consternation by pretending they had a warrant to imprison them as engaged in an illegal amusement."

It must be acknowledged that if Mrs. Leadbeater was to understand the outer literary world, she wanted some kind friend to help her, for we find her, in one of her letters, writing, "Canst thou tell me whether Lord Strangford and Lord Byron are the same person?" However, she did her best to get information. She admired Crabbe greatly, and when she wanted to know how he constructed his tales, she boldly wrote and asked him. The letters that passed between her and Crabbe are a little too full of those compliments which are tossed backwards and forwards between civil strangers, but they show Crabbe in a very agreeable light. He was a kindly simple-hearted old man, and free from petty vanity. Mrs. Leadbeater was continually telling him how gladly she and her friends would "walt him to Ireland." On one occasion this drew from him the following reply:—"You may like me very well, my kind friend, while the purifying water and your more effectual imagination are between us; but come you to England, or let me be in Ireland, and then! Ah, Mary Leadbeater, you would have done with your friendship for me! Child of simplicity and virtue, how can you let yourself be so deceived?" His letters are generally occupied with this sort of friendly palavering, or with accounts of his own family. He was then living at his rectory of Trowbridge, with a son and daughter-in-law, and in one letter he thus describes his daily round:—"I shall now bid you farewell, for my son and his Anna call me from my study to join them for the evening; for so we live. I have my room, where I am monarch—sole sovereign, subject sole—and when I please I enter this apartment, but this is not often, except on visits of friends and at dinner, &c. The evening brings us together." There is not much more than this in these letters of Crabbe. Although he was a poet and a man of letters, he was also a country parson, and had not got much to say. But there is a cheerful easy good nature, and a resignation under heavy family affliction and the weight of increasing years, which reveal all the better side of his amiable character. His letters close the collection of the *Leadbeater*

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Papers, and they close them with much appropriateness, for they are pervaded by that atmosphere of gentle piety and tranquil happiness which characterise the life and writings of Mary Leadbeater, and of all her chosen and dearest friends.

VIRGINIE DE LEYVA.*

M. PHILARETE CHASLES has had brought under his notice by an antiquarian friend the records of a trial which took place in Italy in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and the subject of which was a series of crimes committed in a monastery. Out of these records he has woven a very pretty and interesting little book. Old trials, of course, afford excellent materials for romance. M. Chasles reminds us that the *Bride of Lammermoor* was drawn from such a source. But he has preferred history to romance, and an age devoted to historical research will thank him for the decision. *Virginie de Leyva*, under his hands, becomes a very characteristic picture of a very singular time.

At the commencement of the seventeenth century, the Italian nation was fast descending into that tomb from which it is but just beginning to rise again. The last spark of the old republican spirit, turbulent but glorious, was extinct. Spain dominated without control at Naples and at Milan. Political morality was dead; force and cunning alone were held in esteem; and the ruling classes were entirely possessed with that evil spirit of which, as Lord Macaulay had the penetration to discover, Machiavelli's appalling language is merely the natural expression. With morality, the moral arts, poetry and painting, had declined; though the merely scientific intellect of Italy still survived and put forth its power in a Galileo. Religion had for the most part sunk into a debased and debasing superstition—the corruption, as was natural, being deepest in the spiritual profession and the religious houses. The spirit of reform, which had been awakened in the Papacy by the dangerous crisis of the Reformation, was again sinking into lethargy, or struggled feebly under the crushing weight of political and moral degradation.

Out of this historical background arise the three principal figures of this piece—*Virginie de Leyva*, *Osio*, and *Arighone*. *Virginie de Leyva* was the granddaughter of Antonio de Leyva, one of the most skilful, rapacious, and cruel of the captains who led the half bandit armies of Charles V. This fortunate ruffian became Lord of Monza and Prince of Arcoli, and founded a great house. *Virginie*, a Spanish princess—with the passions of her country and the consciousness that she was fitted to shine and rule in the world—was, with the cold policy of a grand Spanish family, shut up in a convent at Monza while still a girl. The cause of some ten murders, she is described as eminently beautiful, high bred, full of spirit, highly accomplished, and imbued with the literary tastes which, in the Italy of those days, were so often allied with atrocious crime.

Arighone is the corrupt and corrupting confessor of the convent. He is an "Escarob of sensualism"—a master of the vilest kind of casuistry. His hideous depravity is revealed with insolent frankness in his answers to the interrogatories. The personal description given of him seems too graphic to have been found in any judicial records. He was

unusual, fat, bloated, full-cheeked and large-panned; with a roguish eye, a hanging mouth, vice on his brow and scorn upon his lips; a slanderer and a flatterer; an intriguer full of jockey tricks; with well-turned phrases, provided with reasons for everything, knowing by heart Sanchez and Suarez; dining heavily with the lords, and supping on confections with the nuns; serving the pleasures of the former and soothing the consciences of the latter; hated, and yet in request, despised and yet respectfully treated for twenty leagues round; a practical, convenient, useful man; an indispensable man; an incomparable man.

Osio degli Osii is the guilty lover of *Virginie*. His character is, perhaps, the most striking of all:—

He represents the Italy of Machiavelli, as *Arighone* represents Casuistry, and *Donna Virginie* passionate and enslaved Spain. He had a house of his own, a coat of arms, a family, horses, a mansion adjoining the convent of St. Margaret. . . . This third personage, with his brown cap and golden tassels, his dagger with a silver handle chased by Collini, his house walled like a fortress, his three pages, his mother serving his amours, sums up a phase of history. Well bred, handsome and well made (a nun receiving him from her window cried out, "Ah! che belle cosa!"), well dressed, practised in everything, ready for everything, bold, cunning, a friend of *Arighone*, he preserved the most refined tradition of Italian intrigue.

He knew how to extricate himself from his manoeuvres and his enterprises; to crawl on occasion, to stand upright again at the right moment; to seduce, and then to murder; to surround himself with creatures of his own; to set traps; to keep out of ambuscades; to arm interests in his favour—a science which he devoted to the pleasures of his youth, but which, in a more important sphere, might have carried him to high eminence; a subtle science, first elaborated by the petty despots of the middle ages, then gently introduced among the middle classes and the people; a science of which an unfortunate great man has summed up the quintessence, and of which he has been unjustly accused of being the inventor.

The little town of Monza, in which *Osio*'s mansion and *Virginie*'s monastery stood, is in a state of sleepy, depraved decay. There is a lingering ghost of regular administration and justice in it—"a judge, a religion, and a literature," or some shadow of

them, being, as M. Chasles observes, necessary to every old society. But as the reality of justice, and even of regard for it, is gone, *Osio* has things his own way in Monza. If a man crosses him, he punishes him, or has him shot by his confidential servant, and no one is so indiscreet as to make a noise about the affair.

Scandalous reports about the doings in the convent of St. Margaret at Monza brought down the Archbishop of Milan; and one evening a stately carriage, drawn by four mules, carried off the Princess *Virginie* to a convent at Milan. The next night two nuns—dangerous witnesses of a criminal intercourse—left the convent in company with *Osio*, and a terrible scene was enacted on the wild banks of the Lambro. One nun is flung by *Osio* into a torrent; the other into a pit; and he flies, believing that the blabbing lips of both are sealed in death. He is deceived. Both are found alive. It is a terrible trait of that most wretched state of society that no one at first will succour them. The people are afraid to compromise themselves by helping the unfortunate. Misfortune is shunned as a pest. When *Benedetta* was discovered lying mangled in the pit—

The people of the village surrounded the nun, and looked on her with un pitying eyes. In these countries, where morality is more ruined by egotism and intrigue than their edifices are by time, not to compromise oneself is the first law. Men find energy for passions, and adroitness for crimes; but they no longer find any for sympathy and charity. "It is a nun! And what will our masters think of it? And who will pay the expense? And will the clergy do? And what will justice say to it? And why lose one's time or spend one's money?" In a word, these men refused to raise from the ground the dying woman, or attend to her wounds.

In the same way the other nun, who had been carried down to a mill, and had clung to the mill-wheels and the beams of the sluice, in vain implored help of the passers-by. They looked at her, asked who she was, and went on their way. "No one," she said, in her interrogatory, "would help me. They heard me, but they had no pity on me."

Virginie's confession discloses the long tale of broken vows and of murder committed to cover them, which is given to us by M. Chasles with perfect delicacy, and so as to excite only the feelings to which tragedy appeals. The guilty victim of a hypocritical superstition and a discipline which destroyed the soul expired her crimes by imprisonment for life in a walled-up dungeon. "There she received up to the day of her death a little bread and water through a narrow window, and weeping without intermission, praying to God without intermission," says the Cardinal Borromeo (who wrote a touching and terrible letter to his brother on the subject) "she died like a saint." *Osio* took to the woods with a band of dependents. But getting rather tired of that way of life, he had the imprudence to pay a visit to a very intimate friend and former boon companion, who one day took him down into the cellar to show him some very fine wine, and there had him put to death, condescending to pocket the blood-money, though, as he was wealthy, it could hardly have been a consideration to him.

M. Chasles concludes with some very fine observations on the state of society which his story portrays, noting especially the ghastly contrast between the elegance, refinement, good taste, and literary culture which glossed over the surface, and the foulness and depravity which silted below. But the most remarkable thing of all is, that Italy, after sinking into such a depth, should have had vital energy ever to rise again.

ISCA SILURUM.*

WHEN Fluellen said that there was a river in Macedon and also a river at Monmouth, he hardly knew the full force of his words, if we may only extend the name Monmouth so as to include the whole of Monmouthshire. There is a river in Macedon, and its name is Axios—

"Αἰσκος, οὐ καλλιστερὸς ὑδρος οὐκέτετερος αἰσκος.

There is also a river in Monmouthshire, whose name—Isca, Osca, Uak—is beyond all doubt cognate with that of the Macedonian stream. To be sure, Monmouthshire does not stand alone in this honour; for wherever we find an *Esk*, an *Axe*, an *Exe*, or an *Ouse*, we may recognise the same name, which in very truth means nothing but water. Even Bedfordshire boasts an obscure stream called the *Iz*, which probably few people have heard of, but which may go some way to put that small county on a level with Monmouth and Macedon. Indeed, if Harry V. was Harry of Monmouth, his brother, who lacked only a crown to be his equal, lives in history as Duke of Bedford. Of all these infinite *Uaks*, *Axes*, and *Exes*, two have given their name to cities. *Isca Dumnoniorum* still flourishes under the slightly modified name of *Exeter*, while *Isca Silurum* still exists—though we can hardly, with a good conscience, say flourishes—under the wholly different name of *Caerleon*. Nor does *Caerleon-upon-Uk* at all lack synonymous towns in other parts of the kingdom. It may not strike every one at first sight that *Caerleon* and *Leicester* are strictly the same name. Each is the *Civitas Legionum*. The Legions survive in the last half of *Caerleon* and in the first half of *Leicester*, while *Caer* and *Ceaster* respectively translate *Civitas* into Welsh and into English. *Chester*, again, the city distinctively so called, is a third *Civitas Legionum*, and not a little confusion arises from the three towns having

* *Virginie de Leyva, ou l'Intérieur d'un Couvent de Femmes en Italie au Commencement du Dix-septième Siècle d'après les Documents originaux.* Par Philarete Chasles, Professeur au Collège de France, Conservateur à la Bibliothèque Mazarine. Paris. 1861.

* *Isca Silurum; or an Illustrated Catalogue of the Museum of Antiquities at Caerleon.* By John Edward Lee, F.S.A., F.G.S. London: Longman & Co.

always the same name in Latin, and very often in English. And as Caerleon is to Leicester, so is its neighbour Caerwent to Winchester. These two respectively are Venta Silurum and Venta Belgarum—the English *Caester* and the Welsh *Caer* being added or prefixed just as in the other case.

Both Caerleon and Caerwent were important places in Roman times, but they have now sadly fallen from their ancient glory. They have not, indeed, fallen so completely as Pevensey, Silchester, and Old Sarum, for both Isca and Venta are still inhabited. But Venta is now a mere village, and Isca is a market-town of the smallest class. Caerleon has probably been improved off the face of society by advances in navigation. Of old it doubtless was a great port; but now there is a great port a few miles lower down the river. The present greatness of Newport is indeed very recent, but it is a town which has fallen and risen again; and the greatness of Newport has been for many ages inconsistent with the greatness of Caerleon.

As both Caerleon and Caerwent are inhabited, the Roman remains are much less perfect and striking than in deserted places like Pevensey and Burgh; and as Caerleon is more of a town than Caerwent, the remains at Caerleon are less extensive than the remains at Caerwent. At Caerwent a large portion of the Roman wall is visible enough; but at Caerleon, though portions remain, they have to be looked for. At a cursory glance Caerleon would not strike the eye as rich in antiquities. Of the two buildings which commonly give a town its character, the castle is gone and the church is common-place. On examination, the castle mound presents itself; bits of the Roman walls may be found, and the site of the amphitheatre may be seen in the green grass. The real antiquarian wealth of Caerleon does not lie in anything which remains above ground, but in the inexhaustible stores of relics, chiefly Roman, which have been dug up. Besides several other well-known antiquaries in the county, Caerleon is fortunate in the presence of one of the most zealous of them in the town itself, in the person of Mr. Lee, the author of the volume now before us. Thanks to the care of Mr. Lee and his companions, Caerleon possesses one of the best museums of Roman antiquities in England. We confess that Roman antiquities have less attraction for us than either the mysterious relics of earlier days or the beautiful creations of medieval art. In Britain, at least, Roman remains are commonly very inferior specimens of classes of which much better specimens may be seen elsewhere. They are, after all, the memorials of a mere passing intrusion, not the remains of any of the races which have really been the permanent inhabitants of the land. Or, more accurately, perhaps, they are, to a large extent, memorials of one or other of those races in a foreign garb. When we speak of "Romans" in Britain, we are apt to forget that the persons so called would, by Camillus or Scipio or Marius, have been as little recognised for Romans as the "Romans" of the Byzantine Empire a thousand years later. By "Romans" we mean simply persons who were subjects of the Roman Empire, who affected Roman habits, and with whom Latin was not, perhaps, the speech of daily life, but, at all events, the speech used for all official and literary purposes. But, as for blood, the Roman might either be a conquered Briton or a Spanish, African, or Teutonic soldier in Roman pay. Britain was probably Roman in about the same degree that Wales is now English. The higher ranks and the inhabitants of the towns would be, to some small extent, Roman settlers, but chiefly Romanized natives. Of course, it must be remembered that, under the Roman system, the higher ranks would be themselves inhabitants and magistrates of the towns in a way to which we are not accustomed. Wealthy citizens had their rural villas, but the country gentleman was not a Roman institution. Antiquarian researches abundantly show how complete the Roman occupation was over all South Britain. But the facts of history equally show how utterly superficial it was. The elder Celt and the later Teuton both flourish, but the Roman is gone. His language, as far as it was his language, has vanished. Only few and doubtful traces remain of his institutions—some slight Roman element may possibly have lingered in the municipal laws of a few towns—his very names of places have mostly been changed. It is not so in Gaul or in Spain, where Rome still lives in the language, and, very largely, in the institutions of the country. And the extinction of the Roman element is just as complete in the Celtic as in the Teutonic part of the island; the Welshman has not been for ages one whit more Roman than the Englishman. The Romanized provincial in Britain, then, must have been far less thoroughly Romanized than the Romanized provincial in Gaul or Spain. The Gaul and the Spaniard remained Roman, and largely Romanized his Teutonic conqueror. The Briton was so far from Romanizing the English invader that, so soon as the political power of Rome was withdrawn, he ceased to be Roman himself.

The Roman occupation, then, thus temporary and superficial as it was, strikes us as far less attractive than the history of the genuine people of the land, Celtic and Teutonic alike. Still, though hardly a part of the history of our nation, it is an essential part of the history of our island. And, at a place like Caerleon, where the interest is wholly Roman, we give ourselves up to it. The Caerleon Museum does not confine itself to Roman antiquities, for it contains such primeval and such medieval contributions as the neighbourhood supplies; but both primeval and medieval remains appear only as small additions to its vast Roman wealth. All these Mr. Lee has very carefully catalogued, described, and illustrated, and the result is a handsome and useful

volume. He acknowledges the assistance of many friends, especially Mr. King, the author of the work on Ancient Gems, who seems to have been referred to about everything, and is quoted in almost every page. Two local antiquaries, Mr. Octavius Morgan and Mr. Wakeman, also supply papers on the excavations at Caerwent, and on the early history of Caerleon. The illustrations are all from Mr. Lee's etchings, and he asks indulgence for "the performances of an amateur;" but they seem to be quite sufficient for their own purpose.

Of course, the particular objects in the Caerleon collection are very much like similar objects elsewhere. There are inscribed stones, remains of pavements, and ornaments and utensils of all sorts. It is wonderful how little history is to be got out of the inscriptions. There is something striking, something which helps us to realize history, when we see a stone with the name of Geta scratched out, just as when we see a breviary with the name of St. Thomas of Canterbury scratched out; but we do not know that any new facts are to be learned from the inscriptions at Caerleon. Some of the antiquities are curious enough. Here is an odd vessel described by Mr. Alfred Way:

It is (he says) of the common red ware, and the colour is unusually good. Small bottles of earthenware, of a globular form, short-necked, and with one handle, are of ordinary occurrence amongst Roman remains; they may possibly be designated by the term *laguncula*. The peculiarity in this example consists in the partition which divided the vessels into two cells, probably for the reception of distinct condiments, like certain twin cruetts of glass, well known to travellers in Italy, with a medial partition and two necks, serving to contain both vinegar and oil in one vessel.—P. 32, 33.

Mr. Lee continues:—

Since this notice was published, Mr. Way has visited Caerleon, and, when inspecting the Museum, he especially drew attention to the difficulty there would be in making this partitioned vessel. He suggested that the only way in which it could be manufactured would be by cutting a common jar or bottle into two parts, and, after having inserted the partition, joining them together. If this were the mode of manufacture—and there really seems to be no other plan—the work would require very careful handling, and the marks of the joining would in all probability be visible; it must be confessed, however, that this is not the case in the present fragment.—P. 33.

One jar, found within the walls, is half full of burnt bones and ashes. Here arises a difficulty; for burying within the walls was not practised except in the case of quite young infants, who also were buried, not burned. These bones are said, on a local surgeon's authority, to be those of a child, but not of a child young enough to come under the usual exception. Mr. Lee infers that either the parents ventured to break the law out of affection, or else that it happened during some siege when burial outside the walls was impossible.

Some of the flat bricks show names which have been scribbled over them, as Mr. Lee says, "while the clay was yet wet, by some idle Roman sauntering over the brickyard." These scribblings Mr. Lee takes as examples of the running hand of the time. Surely the case is plain enough, and Mr. Lee need hardly have been frightened by the fact that the handwriting in a grant to the Church of Ravenna in the sixth century is quite different.

In some inscriptions Mr. Lee finds a double I (thus II) used for E. It seems that a similar form is found in Etruscan alphabet. Mr. Lee asks whether this may not be "a relic of the Etruscan language." Mr. King thinks the guess plausible, and both Mr. King and Mr. Lee quote as parallel the retention of the Old-English p in a corrupted form in two or three particular words, long after it had died out of general use. Some people still write "ye" for "the," often, it may be, without knowing that what they really mean to write is p. But we do not see the analogy between the cases, as Etruscan does not stand to Latin in the same relation in which Old-English stands to modern English. Mr. Lee quotes a Pompeian inscription in which II stands for AE. Doubtless it is simply, as Mr. Lee says that "several authors remark," merely an instance of "the well-known carelessness of the Romans in orthography."

Mr. Wakeman contributes a sketch of the early history of Caerleon which is hardly worthy of accompanying Mr. Lee's catalogue of the antiquities. After a little Druidical twaddle, which shows that he has studied neither Comparative Mythology nor the Teutonic languages, he comes to Giraldus's account of Caerleon in the twelfth century:—

As the capital of the Roman province of Britannia Secunda, it was no doubt a place of considerable importance in its day; yet we must not be led away by the exaggerated descriptions of its splendour and extent given to us by the writers of the middle ages. Its area within the walls was, I believe, about fifty acres; and, comparing this with that of some of our most densely populated modern towns, it may possibly have contained from six to seven thousand inhabitants at the most. The public buildings were doubtless handsome and well built; yet when Giraldus, writing of its remains as existing in his time, mentions immense palaces ornamented with gilded roofs, we may be allowed to doubt whether any roof of Roman construction could possibly have endured during the seven centuries at least which had elapsed from the departure of the Romans to his time. Henry of Huntington, who wrote half a century before Giraldus, gives a very different account of it: he tells us that, although it had been the seat of an archbishop, the walls were then scarcely to be seen.—P. 137.

Writers, copying from one another, make Giraldus talk in this way; but though Giraldus was doubtless a man given to exaggeration, he does not, in his own text, talk such nonsense as Mr. Wakeman fathers upon him. He says not a word about gilded roofs which had endured seven centuries. What he does say is (Hil. Cam. i. 4) that, among other "vestigia" and "relics"—everything seems to have been in ruins—there were "palaia immensa aureis ornatae fastigia Romanos fastas imitatae."

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Mr. Wakeman has somehow contrived to overlook the important little word "olim."

Mr. Wakeman goes on to give a chronological account of events relating to Caerleon in the tenth century:—

958.—King Edgar visited Caerleon, and determined a dispute between the reigning prince Morgan and Owen ap Howel Dda, in favour of the former.

962.—Edgar was again there; and Morgan, it seems, agreed to pay him an annual tribute of 100 cows.

967.—Owen ap Howel Dda having ravaged Gower in Glamorganshire, Edgar marched an army to Caerleon to assist his vassal Morgan; yet one chronicle states that Edgar gave Caerleon to Owen! Contradictory as this appears, it seems to have been the fact, as the descendants of Owen were lords of Caerleon till it was passed to the Marshalls.

970.—Alfere, Earl of Mercia, sent a fleet to attack the city, but was repulsed with great loss. Whether the Saxon earl acted under the orders of the king, and the expedition was intended to enforce the payment of the tribute, or whether it originated in some private quarrel between him and the Lord of Caerleon, it is perhaps impossible to determine.

972.—The Saxon fleet again appeared (if the chronicles are to be trusted) before Caerleon, but retired without having effected their object. The reason of this attack is not stated. — P. 138.

We dare say Mr. Wakeman has some authority for all these statements; but he does not quote any. And it is certainly odd that, except the last, we cannot find a word about any of these events either in the *Saxon Chronicle*, the *Annales Cambriæ*, or the *Brut y Tywyngion*. That young Eadgar, in 958, the very year after his first election to the crown of Mercia, should go to settle disputes at Caerleon seems especially unlikely. Something like the last entry does occur in the *Annales Cambriæ* under 973, "Congregatio navium in Urbe Legionum a Rege Saxonum Eadgar." Now one cannot doubt that this refers to Eadgar's grand naval display at *Chester* in 972 or 973. The *Chronicle* places it at "Legerceaster," "Leicester," "Lægeceaster." A modern English writer would be easily tempted to take this for *Leicester*, and to wonder how the ships got there. A Welshman's temptation lay in another direction. He thought of a third *Urbe Legionum*, and so in the *Brut y Tywyngion* (971), Eadgar is made to "collect a very great fleet at Caerleon-upon-Usk." Mr. Wakeman goes further, and treats us to "objects" and "attacks," of which the authentic chronicles at least say nothing.

Mr. Wakeman, indeed, seems to have a great gift of finding out the motives for actions done a long time ago. Thus we have directly after:—

1054 or 1057.—Griffith ap Rhydderch died, and was succeeded by his son Caradoc ap Griffith, who was living at the Norman conquest. This was the King Caradoc who assisted Harold against Griffith ap Llewelyn, prince of Wales, and who is said to have destroyed a house the Saxon general was building at Portscut, near Chepstow, in 1065, in revenge for the latter not having assisted him in recovering the principality of South Wales. — P. 139.

Again, the trustworthy chronicles, English and Welsh, help us to nothing except the destruction of Harold's house by Caradoc, which is recorded in the *Saxon Chronicle*, as also by Florence. But Caradoc's motives are not given, nor is there any mention of him helping Harold in his North-Welsh expedition. Mr. Wakeman probably finds something of all this in later and inferior writers, but he ought to learn that it is not from them that the history of the tenth and eleventh centuries can be written.

In return, we have a question to ask of Mr. Wakeman. In 1053, Rhys, brother of Gruffydd, of South Wales, was killed by order of King Edward, as Florence says, "propter frequentes predias quas egit in loco qui Bulendun dicitur." Rhys can hardly have reached Bellingdon, near Oxford. Has, then, "Bulendun" anything to do with "Belinus" and "Bellingstocke," a strangely Teutonic sounding name, but which Mr. Wakeman quotes from Archdeacon Coxe as the name of a camp near Caerleon?

FOUR CENTURIES.*

THIS book belongs to the same class as M. Freytag's *Pictures of German Life*, a work which was lately reviewed in this journal. The author, Dr. Karl von Weber, is the director of the State Paper Office at Dresden, and from the vast stores at his disposal he has made a selection of documents bearing on the political and social condition of Germany during the last four centuries. The materials for illustrating the social history of Germany seem to be very abundant. Of late years, many manuscripts have been printed that belong to the same class of literature of which so much has in this country been rescued from oblivion by the publications of literary societies, and of which such large use has been made by many of our most distinguished historians. For many minds, works of this class possess a peculiar charm apart from their value to the student of history. The pictures of domestic life, and the traits of individual character in a bygone age, that may be collected from diaries and private letters, often give a more faithful picture of the actual state of civilization at the time than the sweeping generalizations of historians, and may serve to correct opinions that are formed so often from mere political history. Perhaps, too, there is no better antidote to the supercilious optimism of modern superficiality than to become acquainted with the way in which people thought and acted some centuries ago. In these days, it is not very probable that an excessive admiration

of the past will exercise too strong an influence on the thought of the existing generation—the danger lies rather the other way. But well-informed minds understand that, however inestimable may be the inheritance which the accumulated labour of the best and wisest for centuries has bequeathed to the present age, there was much of priceless worth in the private and social life of those generations which had before them at least as great a duty as can ever fall to the share of their posterity. The aim of M. Freytag was to illustrate, out of contemporary documents, successive periods of German history. Dr. Von Weber is less methodical in dealing with his materials, and has been guided in his selection principally by the novelty of the papers he has published or the interest attaching to their subject-matter.

The State Paper Office at Dresden is peculiarly rich in original documents of the most varied character. Besides those which properly belonged to it, there have been added the archives of various branches of local and provincial administration. In former days it was the practice of the Government of the Saxon Electorate, on the decease of any person who was supposed to be in possession of official secrets, to send an officer to seize any papers that might be of importance. It often happened that the functionary so employed, either from excess of zeal or want of power to discriminate, carried off bodily every bit of manuscript he could lay his hands on, of which, of course, when once deposited in the office, was never examined by any one. The consequence was that a vast amount of material was accumulated, a great deal of which is absolutely worthless, though here and there may be found important letters and confidential communications respecting matters which in those days were thought to be State secrets, and which serve to illustrate the history of the times. Dr. Von Weber's selection comprises a great variety of subjects—State secrets, court intrigues, remarkable crimes, and provincial stories—beginning with the fifteenth century and extending almost to the present day. The historical pieces are perhaps the most valuable portion of the collection, for until the rise of the kingdom of Prussia, the Saxon Electorate was the most important State in North Germany, and the Court of Dresden maintained diplomatic relations with all the great European monarchies. We have, therefore, presented to us a series of despatches and confidential reports on court matters and political subjects from every part of Europe.

Beginning as early as the middle of the fifteenth century, Dr. Von Weber gives us an account of the negotiations that were entered into to effect a marriage between Anna, the daughter of Frederic IV., Elector of Saxony, and the Most Serene Lord Count Charolais, only son of the Duke of Burgundy. The princess was promised a marriage portion of a hundred thousand florins, and plenipotentiaries were appointed to proceed to Cologne and conclude this business. The engagement, however, was never completed, and Charles the Bold soon afterwards married Isabella, daughter of Charles, Duke of Bourbon. Further on, we have the detailed account of the plot in 1462 to assassinate the Duke, taken, as we are assured, from a MS. printed now for the first time:—

John Constanz, a Burgundian by birth and of base parentage, was chief gentleman of the chamber to the Serene Prince the Duke of Burgundy, and had served him a good score years. Now he became minded to make away with the right noble Lord Charles the Lord of Charolais, the son of the aforesaid Duke, by poison or by incantations. And so he took counsel with one of his fellows, a Burgundian nobleman, and promised to give him eight thousand florins, of which he gave him two thousand at once, and undertook to pay the rest when the deed was done. And when the nobleman was somewhat tardy in fulfilling what he had promised to do, the gentleman of the chamber wrote a letter to him in his own handwriting, and sealed with his own seal, wherein he told him how much he marvelled that the matter was so long in hand. Then the nobleman went to the gentleman of the chamber, and said that he must give him more money. But the gentleman of the chamber would not give him any more money until he had finished the affair. So they fell out, and gave each other hard words. Then the nobleman did not want to go any further in the matter, and thought he might profit greatly if he should warn the Lord of Charolais, and put him on his guard against the plot. So he went to another nobleman, who was much trusted by the Lord of Charolais, told him all, and asked his counsel as to what he should do. The man was greatly frightened, and knew not what to do, for he knew that the gentleman of the chamber was very powerful, and that in whatever he wanted to do he had more power to carry it with the Duke than any other man; and he thought that if he revealed the plot to the Lord of Charolais, and was not able to prove it as clearly as is required in matters of such high import, the gentleman of the chamber was so powerful that it might cost him his life. So he asked the nobleman whom the gentleman of the chamber had hired to do this wicked deed to give him the letter which the gentleman of the chamber had written, as was said above. And after he had gotten the letter he took the nobleman, the companion of the gentleman of the chamber, to the Lord of Charolais, yet made no accusation against him himself, but told the Lord of Charolais that the nobleman would disclose to him the matter, and then, when the nobleman had told the whole of the plot, he drew from his breast the letter, and gave it to the Lord of Charolais. The nobleman was well pleased therewith, as he knew that it was not possible for the gentleman of the chamber to deny his part in the matter. After the Lord of Charolais had understood how the thing was, he took counsel with the Bishop of Tournay and the Lord of Croy whether and in what wise he should bring it to the knowledge of the Duke, his father, and they determined to tell him all. The Duke was greatly moved, and though he much liked his gentleman of the chamber, yet was his own flesh and blood dearer to him, so he ordered his gentleman of the chamber to be taken, and carried to a castle two miles from Brussels, and sent the Bishop of Tournay and the Lord of Croy, his councillors, to question him, but he pledged them on their oaths that nought but what was just should be done unto the gentleman of the chamber. He and his fellow nobleman were taken to the same castle as prisoners, they were both examined, and the truth was made known, and they were both beheaded and laid in one grave, but this grave was only obtained after much petition. These things happened eight days before the date of this paper, which was written on the even of St. Lawrence, in the year of Grace, 1462. — (Vol. III. p. 5.)

* *Aus Vier Jahrhunderten. Mittheilungen aus dem Haupt-Staatsarchiv zu Dresden.* Von Dr. Karl von Weber, Ministerialrath, Director des Haupt-Staatsarchivs. In vier Bänden. Tauchnitz, Leipzig. 1857-1861.

In the same century we have a very interesting account of the marriage feast of Mathias Corvinus, the King of Hungary. The Elector of Saxony sent two ambassadors to be present at the ceremony, and to offer his congratulations, and at the same time to do a little business in buying Hungarian sheep for his Serene Highness. One of the ambassadors—Hugold von Schleinitz by name—sent to his master an elaborate report of the magnificent feasts and revels that took place in honour of Beatrix, the Neapolitan princess. It is a strange picture of the barbaric splendour of a semi-Oriental court. In the next century we have some remarkable correspondence relating to the imprisonment and death of Don Carlos, the son of Philip II. The first notices are those of intelligencers and news-writers, reporting to the Elector of Saxony. We subjoin a few of them:—

February 14, 1563 (no date of the place). The King of Spain has put his son in confinement, and given him into the keeping of the Count de Feria, *et nescitur quare*.

February 15. Brussels. The imprisonment of the Prince, the King's son, has made a great stir, whereby the Duke of Alva was forced to write a letter in the name of the King, of which he sent copies to the Knights of the Golden Fleece, and the Governors and Magistrates of the Netherlands, wherein it was said that the King had most weighty reasons for putting his son in prison. They say that fifteen or sixteen noblemen and officers in the service of the Prince have fled.

In a news-letter forwarded by William of Hesse to Augustus, Elector of Saxony, it is stated:—

The King of Spain has imprisoned the Prince his son, who is twenty-three years of age, along with twelve of the first grandees, and has set four guards to watch over them. No one knows the true reasons, but it is thought that the Prince had asked and begged of his father that the Netherlands and the poor folk should not be so much vexed and persecuted, and had wished that his father should go into those countries and take heed that they should not be so ill-treated, or else send him, the Prince, as he was heir of the realm, and being now twenty-three years, ought to see and learn for himself. They say that his father gave him a gracious answer, but that when his Majesty conferred with his councillors they advised him that his son would be exposed to the attempts of the heretics, and would be corrupted by them. Whereupon he and twelve lords were imprisoned. They say there is more trouble in Spain, and that there are five hundred of the highest grandees on the side of the young King.

From this it would seem that there was at least among the Protestant princes a notion that Don Carlos was opposed to the merciless persecutions inflicted by his father on the Low Countries. Others imagined that the Prince had displayed heretical tendencies; it was also very widely believed that Don Carlos had conspired for the assassination of his father. The despatches sent from the Court of Madrid contain no distinct statement of the cause of the apprehension of the Prince—it is only said that the King was compelled by the peculiar character of his son to put some restraint upon him. It is remarkable, however, that the conduct of the King was everywhere suspected, though there was nothing really in the character of the Prince to deserve or attract sympathy. A little later, when the news of his death arrived, there was a general disposition to believe that there had been foul play. But, notwithstanding the view taken by some modern writers, it would seem that there is no more evidence of his death having been caused by his father than there is of his character having resembled the hero of Schiller's tragedy. It is probable that the account given by the Spanish Secretary Pfanzing is the true one. It is contained in the postscript of a letter to the Elector from the Duke of Bavaria, dated September 3, 1568. The Secretary, after expressing his satisfaction that the Prince had died in a state of contrition, and in the odour of sanctity, proceeds to explain the cause of his death:—

After his Majesty, as your Serene Highness well knows, from divers weighty reasons, but most of all for the advantage and profit of his son the Prince, had last January ordered him to be confined in his apartments here in the palace, the Prince led a most strange and ill-ordered life with regard to his eating and drinking during the prevailing heats. Nothing was denied him, and whatever he asked was given to him. He would have twenty or thirty flasks of snow-water brought to him, and roll in it naked on the floor of his chamber. Item, he would have his bed always cooled with snow. Afterwards, for five whole days he would eat nothing but fruit, and drank iced water in vast quantities; and then he ate, all at one meal, a huge pasty weighing many pounds, and drank cold water afterwards. (P. 25, Vol. i.)

It is not surprising that he was taken ill, and that no remedies proved sufficient to repair the damage caused by such a system of diet; but it was long believed that Philip or the Inquisition were concerned in his death.

From the same century we have some correspondence referring to the proposals of marriage made by Saxon princes to Queen Elizabeth of England. The first was on behalf of a son of John Frederick I. (the Magnanimous), who, on account of his gallant resistance to Charles V., was in great favour with the Protestant party throughout Europe. In England it would seem that the project was favourably viewed, but the death of Edward VI. put an end to it. A second attempt was made in favour of a younger prince of the Saxon house, and Count Mansfeldt, the Chancellor, Dr. Burkardt, were entrusted with the negotiations. The offer was, however, politely declined by the Queen:—

De altera autem, nempe conjugi ratione, quamquam re verâ ab eâ semper alieno hâc tenus fuerimus animo, tamen fateremus nos multum Excellentia vestre debere quod tam amanter velit nos nomine Illustrissimi fratris vestri tentare, eumque lubenter intelligimus ab omnibus tum foris tam domi collaudari, optimèque illi optamus neque quicquam vobis, exceptâ hac matrimonii actione, amicissime nomine nolumus negare; quod quidem aperit testata sumus oratoribus vestris qui fatus animum nostrum Excellentia vestre exponent.

A third suitor, Erick, King of Sweden, was not more successful

in his wooing. The suffering lover says, in a letter dated 15th October, 1563, and addressed to Queen Elizabeth, that—

He is greatly perplexed to learn from a letter from the Queen, forwarded to him by his ambassador, Benedict Teit, that she seems to have cut him off from all hope of her love; the Queen is, as he supposes, offended by an unfounded report that he has been a suitor for the hand of Mary Queen of Scots. There is no truth in the rumour; on the contrary, he had only sought her alliance for his brother John of Finland. There is equally little ground for the story about the daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse, which, as he learns, has been told to Elizabeth; he had only been about that lady in order to test the constancy of Elizabeth (ego illud magis feci experiendi animi S. T. erga me constantiam quam illa alia de causa), but he does not conceal the jealousy which he felt of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and he had only wished, by appearing to court the daughter of the Elector, to retaliate the deception practised on himself. The King proceeds to admit that, in so doing, he had taken a wrong step, but consoles himself with his belief in the constancy and affection of Queen Elizabeth; and adds, with complacent modesty, that he had never believed that there could be a lady in the world who, for his sake, would consent to remain so long unmarried. This strange epistle was designed to be a love-letter, that was to put an end to all difficulties, and concludes with a repetition of the offer of marriage. The Virgin Queen had reason afterwards to congratulate herself on having rejected these offers, as Erick went mad, and died a violent death.—(P. 23, Vol. iii.)

We have given the above translations as specimens of the matter of which Dr. Von Weber's book is composed, but it is obviously impossible within reasonable limits to give an analysis of a collection so considerable in bulk, and so varied in subject. In the later periods there are long accounts of life at the Courts of Dresden and Berlin, and anecdotes without end of Frederick the Great and his father, whilst at the same time, for the student of the manners and way of living among the humbler classes, there is an abundant store of very interesting reading. Books of this kind occupy a very safe position in literature. They are not so dull as formal history, and they are quite as amusing as all but the very best novels.

DR. SAMUEL PARR, OR WHIGGISM IN ITS RELATIONS TO LITERATURE.*

WE have already discussed in this journal the literary and philosophical claims of Thomas De Quincey, and we should not have reverted to his name or his works, had it not been for his *Essay on Whiggism in its Relations to Literature*. The title is hardly fair, and not very happy, inasmuch as Dr. Samuel Parr, the coryphaeus in this instance of "Whiggism," was a very indifferent representative of Whig principles; but the *Essay* itself is one of singular power, both as regards style and the art of critical dissection. As respects Parr himself, we hold with the question asked more than sixty years ago:—

Who now reads Parr? whose title who shall give?
Dr. Sententious hight or Positive.
From Greek, or French, or any Roman ground,
In mazy progress and eternal round,
Quotations dance and wonder at their place,
Buzz through his wig and give the bush more grace.

Parr, however, stood in certain relations to his own time in particular, and to scholarship in general, sufficient to justify a few remarks on his career. With all his foibles, he made himself the comet of a season; and to reach even that questionable eminence implies the possession of talents and force of character beyond the measure meted to men in general.

For scholars to constitute themselves the monitors of Kings, or to be invited by Kings to counsel them, was at one time an established custom. Thomas Aquinas descended from contemplations on angels and the laws of being to hint what the King of France should do touching his German and Saracen enemies; and, unless he is much belied, he scrupled not to call his Majesty a fool. Petrarch read lectures upon Roman worthies—his text being taken from a collection of Roman coins—to Charles IV. Emperor of Germany. Politian furnished the Medici with examples of republics flourishing under a Pisander or a Pericles; nay, he sometimes ventured on the more arduous task of interfering between Lorenzo and his shrill-tongued wife. Muretus abused his learning and eloquence by congratulating a Pope on that crowning deliverance to the Holy Catholic Church—the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Casaubon more warrantably employed his scholarship in the service of Henry of Navarre, and Leibnitz carried on with Kings and Pensionaries nearly as active a correspondence as with scholars, mathematicians and genealogists. It was, in short, a fashion for States to keep a scholar, as well as a jester, on their Civil List. Sometimes, indeed, it might seem as if the scholar served both purposes, as the epigram says that, since the times were grown frugal, the laureate "Cibber must serve both for fool and for poet." Meibomius, for example, danced in full armour the Pyrrhic dance in the presence of Queen Christina and her ladies of honour. The younger Vossius bandied profane josts with the "merry monarch" and his courtiers. Scipioius carried his jests so far as to earn more than one sound rib-roasting. The Scotch peasantry to this day read a jest-book ascribed, wrongly indeed, to the grave George Buchanan; and the collection of wise saws and modern instances, that go by the name of *Ara*, prove that a gown'd scholar was often well qualified to wear the cap and bells.

Those were the times in which Dr. Samuel Parr would have been in place. By reason of his learning, he might, to his heart's content,

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tent, under the direction of a Pensionary De Witt or Heinsius, have given directions to Caesar backed with maxims and examples of good governance from Greek and Roman lore. And by reason of his absurdities—and they were many—and his wit, which was considerable, he might have carried a bauble before George III., or assisted at Convocation as *statius Ecclesie*. Writing to order, his rambling propensities would have been kept under due restraint; jesting with the dread of the stocks or the whip before him, he would have been chrier in giving offence and less brutal in repartee. But equally as regards his good and evil qualities—his learning and his license of speech—Dr. Parr fell on evil days and on an age too late. Neither senate nor Caesar any longer needed Latin secretaries—the world's business had drifted out of the reach of grammarians. Greek was still occasionally a stepping-stone to the mitre; but it no longer adorned the Wool-sack or the Treasury Bench. Dr. Parr's volunteer diatribes excited a momentary wonder and a barren applause. But Europe did not "ring from side to side" with their echoes, and even at home they reverberated faintly. Neither wisdom nor folly in the eighteenth century had room for him.

For a scholar of Dr. Parr's magnitude—and we do not deny that he was a very learned and in some respects an accomplished scholar—three subjects are pre-eminently worthy of pursuit, inasmuch as they demand, and indeed tax, the energies and faculties which are the scholar's peculiar gifts. The first of these is Theology, including its auxiliaries, ethics and metaphysics; the second is Philology, classical or comparative; and the third, either History, or one of its main props, Scientific Chronology. Now, as regards the first of these, Dr. Parr's pretensions are absolutely at zero. He cannot be said to have contributed a single stone to the fortress of Christian faith. Yet in his time, running parallel as it did with that general convulsion of old opinions—the French Revolution—there was surely ample space and pressing need for the controversialist to bestir himself. Mr. De Quincey has pointed out, with his wonted force of discrimination, not merely the almost immeasurable superiority of Horsley and Louth to Parr, and the superior dexterity even of Watson, but also Parr's general nugacity as an exegetical and polemical divine. He is known, indeed, to have assisted White in the composition of his once celebrated Bampton Lectures; but this, considering Parr's real resources and his greater assumption of scholarship, was a small matter—the truth being that the sharpest arrows shot by White against the obnoxious chapters of the "Decline and Fall" were borrowed from Gibbon's quiver. Next, there is Philology, in which science Parr proclaimed himself from the housetops, and bore himself in the streets as "proudly eminent," and in the department of Greek gave place to no one except Richard Porson. Is there a single question—we do not say a crucial or momentous question—upon which Parr threw even twilight? What Greek or Latin author did he edit, in whole or in part? What are his contributions to our knowledge of ancient life, manners, or opinion? How many, or more properly how few, emendations of syntax or metre can be traced to him? And be it remembered that Parr was contemporary with Heyne, with Wolf, with Valckenaer, and latterly with Hermann, so that he could not plead any indifference towards philology on the part of the learned world. In History, nothing beyond pomp or scurrility was to be looked for at his hands—he was as incompetent to walk in the footsteps of Hume or Gibbon as in those of Pope or Dryden. Yet, from one who had read so much, and who talked so dictatorially, some work like Usher's *Chronologia Sacra*, or Joseph Scaliger's *De Emendatione Temporum*, or Mr. Fynes Clinton's *Fasti Hellenici*, might fairly have been expected. But how stands the account? Parr has not rectified a single questionable date, nor replaced under its proper Olympiad or consulship a single errant name. Nay, when help on a curious problem was sought of him, Parr was too indolent or too incompetent to render it. "To take one case among a thousand," says Mr. De Quincey, enumerating the large promises and small performances of Parr—"When the year 1800 brought up a question in its train [was it to be considered the last year of the eighteenth century, or the first of the nineteenth?], did Dr. Parr come forward with an oracular determination of our scruples, or did he silently resign that pleading to the humble hands of the laureate—Pye?"

Whence, then, it may be fairly asked, did Parr's reputation among his contemporaries arise? On what foundations did it rest, by what buttresses was it supported? It would be an assumption, as hollow as any of the Doctor's, to suppose that the men who listened to him and allowed him precedence were dupes, or that they plotted or connived at the setting up or sustaining a cumbrous and hollow idol. Charles Fox, Charles Burney, Sir James Mackintosh, Dr. Butler, William Roscoe, and other more or less memorable persons, were not easily to be deluded themselves, neither were they prone to delude others in their estimate of intellectual or conversational pretensions. On the other hand, Parr had really a brilliant list of correspondents, in which Princes of the Blood and wearers of coronets vied with statesmen, scholars, divines, and ladies literary or only beautiful, in complimenting him and humouring him to the top of his bent. How, then, came Parr to be admitted to their tables, and, still more, how came he to be listened to at them as one entitled to place and priority? "Though they appeared a little out of fashion, there was much care and valour in this"—Doctor. In the first place, he had a wonderfully retentive memory that always enabled him to produce the treasures of his well-stored, though not well-ordered mind. He sowed, indeed, his quotations with the sack and not with

the hand; and in discussions, "the thread of his verbosity was often finer than the staple of his argument." Yet his power of illustrating current or scholastic subjects of discourse was unusual; and if Tully or Aristotle, Homer or Euripides, were needed as authorities for fact, opinion, or paradox, their testimony was ever on the tip of Parr's tongue. Secondly, he was master of a species of wit that tells powerfully in table-talk. Parr could throw off an antithesis or an epigram with a happiness scarcely inferior to that of Sheridan himself. If he did not move laughter in an equal degree with that matchless diner-out, he could send his shafts as true to the mark, and steep them in gall of scarcely inferior quality to the verjuice of the *School for Scandal*. Forgotten is the *Spital Sermon*, forgotten the *Prefatio ad Bellendenum*, forgotten the Preface to the *Warburtonian Tract*; but some of his pointed sarcasms yet linger in the memory of men. Thirdly, Parr possessed the very uncommon accomplishment of writing Latin with a command of language and a purity of idiom that raise him to a level with the foremost scholars of his own or former times. For the difficulty and the merit of this acquirement we will call upon Mr. De Quincey himself to bear witness:—

The art of writing Latin finely is a noble accomplishment; and one, I will take upon me to say, which none but a man of distinguished talent will succeed in. All the scholarship in the world will not avail to fight up against the tyranny of modern idioms and modern fashions of thought—the whole composition will be redolent of lamps, not fed with Roman oil, but with gas—base gas—unless in the hands of a man vigorous and agile enough to throw off the yoke of vernacular custom. . . . And that man who succeeds, like Dr. Parr, in throwing his thoughts into ancient moulds, does a greater feat than he that turned the Euphrates into a new channel for the service of his army.

Fourthly, Parr, under a thick crust of absurdities, had a really warm heart and generous disposition. It was these good gifts that neutralized the effects of his inordinate vanity—of his political inconsistency—of his portentous verbiage—of his feminine addiction to hear, credit, and retail gossip. Mr. De Quincey shall again come forward as the advocate of one whom he held in slight esteem, and whose character he has so keenly analysed. After briefly noticing the unlucky results of Parr's doctrines on some of his pupils, one of whom was expatriated at his country's expense and another hanged! he proceeds to say:—

The sufferings of his unhappy friends, after they came into trouble, called out none but the good qualities of his nature. Never, indeed, was Samuel Parr seen to greater advantage, than when animating the hopes, supporting the fortitude, or ministering to the comforts of the poor dejected prisoner in his gloomy cell, at a time when self-reproaches had united with the frowns of the world to make the consolations of friendship somewhat more than usually trying to the giver, and a thousand times more precious to the receiver. If all others forsook the wretched and fled, Dr. Parr did not; his ear was open to those who sat in darkness and sorrow; and whenever the distress was real, remembering that he himself was also a poor frailty-laden human creature, he did not think it became him too severely to examine in what degree guilt or indiscretion had concurred to that effect. Sam Parr! these things will make the earth lie light upon you last abode; flowers will flourish on its verdant roof; and gleams of such remembrances extort an occasional twinge of compunction even from me—at the very moment when I am endeavouring with the gentlest of knottings quietly to *perstringe* your errors.

That Parr's life was a failure admits not of question. He promised much, he performed nothing; he had amassed treasure, but it never circulated; his name has affixed itself to no one department of scholarship, or of the learning of which scholarship is the basis and the instrument. To what may this acknowledged failure be ascribed? In our opinion, to instability of purpose. In enumerating the causes which rendered the great Leibnitz second, in some respects, to such scholars as Joseph Scaliger, to such mathematicians as Newton, or such metaphysicians as Des Cartes, Gibbon reckons the wide round and variety of his studies, which, embracing nearly the whole orb of knowledge, formed a circle too vast even for his capacious intellect and untiring energy. It is not granted even to the greatest minds to attain universal empire—to predominate at once in history and metaphysics, in science and art, in politics and in philosophy. Bacon's experiments were sometimes ludicrously inappropriate; Hobbes wrote verses which hardly a bell-man would have owned; Lipsius was a driveller in theology; and Newton expounded prophecy no better than Dr. Kett or other "ordinary men and Christians." Parr, in point of intellectual power far below any one of these, except Lipsius, frittered away his learning with even worse consequences to himself. His *Opera Omnia* form eight enormous tomes, and contain 5,734 octavo pages, many of them printed in small type; and yet from this mausoleum are excluded his contributions to the monthly journals of the day, and the notes or pages which he contributed to the books of his friends—Mr. Roscoe's and Bampton-lecturing White, for example. And yet the author of the *Pursuits of Literature* could justly ask, "What has Dr. Parr written? A sermon or two (rather long), a Latin Preface to Bellendenus (rather long too), another Preface to some English Tracts, and two or three English Pamphlets about his own private quarrels." A great mind in ruins, Addison has finely remarked, is a more melancholy spectacle than Babylon or Hecatompylos at the present hour. Little less sad is the spectacle of Parr's life. His own vanity, the homage or the fear of those around him, and the ease with which he was diverted from the projects he had formed, rendered his learning useless, his talents barren, and his pretensions contemptible. *In nullum reipublica usum ambitiosa loquela inclaruit.*

GREEK LITERATURE.*

SIR GEORGE YOUNG'S Essay on the History of Greek Literature in England won the Le Bas prize for 1861 at Cambridge, and is published, as the rules which regulate the prize require. It deserves the distinction more than many compositions of successful competitors for prizes at our Universities. It is a careful and accurate account of the condition of Greek literature in this country from the days of Theodore of Tarsus to those of Lancelot Andrews, and exhibits powers of historical criticism which, if diligently cultivated, may win for the writer no mean place amongst historical scholars. If he is not free from the dangers which beset most young writers in redundancy and confusion of metaphor, his style is on the whole simple and agreeable. We are willing to pardon an occasional sentence which may tell us "that no assault upon the foundations of our knowledge can fail to find its appropriate refutation in the armoury of ten centuries of conflict," when we see a writer studying to be fair, and to acknowledge the full merit whether of writers or of a system with which he cannot pretend to sympathize. It is not our purpose, however, to go over the history which Sir George Young has examined, and which has been treated in its place in the great work of Hallam. But the present Essay shows some misapprehension of the causes at work during the Middle Ages, whether to depress the knowledge of Greek or to raise it, and lays too much stress on the history of Greek philosophical literature, even while it professes to assign its due value and influence to every portion of that literature; and the writer has thus been led to assign to the Revival of the sixteenth century an influence which certainly was not exclusively its own. For the same reason, perhaps, he is less ready than Hallam to admit the scanty results produced by the labours of Archbishop Theodore towards extending a real knowledge of Greek literature.

It may well be doubted whether a much wider acquaintance with Greek writings, and with the Greek language itself, would have done much to change the history and course of medieval thought. As it was, a few scholars here and there might try to extend their own knowledge and impart it to others; but, on the whole, their efforts could not but be abortive as long as causes were at work which had no direct connexion with barbarism or a dull acquiescence in ignorance and thoughtlessness. It is a mere exaggeration, not altogether intelligible, to say that in and after the time of Theodore, "there seems to have been an affinity of temper which especially attracted our forefathers to the study of Greek;" or that perhaps "the thinner film of Latinization . . . left them more capable than other nations of appreciating a language so different in sentiment and character from the Latin." (15.) It is true that while the scholastic philosophy flourished, Greek literature meant little more than Aristotle, and Aristotle meant little more than his treatises on Logic and Physics; yet it seems rash to infer that an acquaintance with his other works, or even with other branches of Greek literature, would have produced any material or immediate results. Throughout the whole of Western Christendom, the human mind was chained down in a submission to authority, which may have received strength from the method in which Aristotle was handled, but which was in no way derived from it. The writings of Augustine had completed the great fabric of theological authority; and the growth of the Papacy had consolidated the powers of sacerdotalism. Yet whether in the West or the East, the Popes and the Schoolmen had in Law an enemy more deserving of their fear than any that could be furnished in literature, whether of Greece or any other country. If Scholasticism itself involved consequences of which the Schoolmen themselves never dreamed, if the syllogism so potent in the hands of the orthodox might, in the hands of others, prove a weapon mighty for destruction, yet practically the emancipation of the human intellect was more surely guaranteed by the code of Justinian in the East and the rise of the Civil Lawyers in the West. Roger Bacon mentions the study of the Civil Law as among the greatest hindrances to learning; but he could scarcely be expected to see the bearing which it had on that authority of the Canon Law which had grown up with the growth of the Papacy. The intellect was already awakened when the Civil Lawyers of Paris appealed from the latter to principles which were laid down before the rise of Christianity itself; and this awakening was sure to lead, not only to a greater acquaintance with Greek literature, but to a more practical and systematic use of it. Without this impulse derived from the necessities of common life, the access to Greek philosophers and poets could but have urged on very feebly the emancipation which was ensured by the other.

But if Sir George Young has, perhaps, overstated the influence of Greek literature during the Middle Ages, he seems to put narrow limits to its uses in more recent times. The proper close of its history is, in his own words, "the end of the sixteenth century, when it ceased to be the acquirement of men and became part of the education of youth." The history of the last eighty years would seem sufficiently to answer this statement, which arises from limiting Greek literature (perhaps unconsciously) to logic and physica. Hence he quotes approvingly the words of Bacon, that "the wisdom which we have drunk in so eagerly from

* *On the History of Greek Literature in England, from the earliest Times to the End of the Reign of James the First.* By Sir George Young, B.A., Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge and London: Macmillan & Co. 1862.

Selections from the Works of Plato. Translated from the Greek by Georgiana Lady Chatterton. London: Bentley. 1862.

the Greek, appears to be but a science for boys fertile in controversy, but for the use of mankind etc." (102.) From one point of view Bacon is right; and yet there is an aspect in which even the philosophy of the Greeks in no way deserves this censure. The verdict of Bacon has been echoed in still more bitter and sweeping terms by Macaulay in his fallacious analysis of the Socratic philosophy; but neither Bacon nor Macaulay was able to see how close was the agreement between that philosophy and the system which professed to be, and which in a certain sense was, the inauguration of a new method. So far as the science derived from the Greeks was useless, it might become a fit instrument in the hands of schoolmasters, although we might have fancied that even these might find something better to work with. It is time that so absurd a limitation should be swept away — a limitation introduced, it would seem, by the narrow taste of Samæcian translators, who deliberately ignored the poets, orators, and historians of Greece, in their anxiety to ponder the works of Galen and Hippocrates. The knowledge of Greek grammar, especially in its relation to Comparative Philology, is the most invaluable instrument in the education of the young. Greek literature, in all that preeminently deserves the name, is, and must always be, emphatically for men. It may give scope to greater learning in the hands of Grote and Thirlwall; but it furnished practical counsel to the writers of the *Federalist*, in their efforts to bring to perfection the constitution of the United States. The disruption, which has already taken place, would not, in the opinion of De Tocqueville, have been accelerated by the study of a literature which he thinks ought more than any other to be studied in a democratic age.

But, not content with denying the preeminent importance of Greek literature for the world of men, Sir George Young has entered with somewhat unnecessary vehemence into the battle of Greek pronunciation and reading. Personal taste is one thing—to extend that taste to a foreign nation and to remote times is another. Because the ear of certain English and other scholars was offended by what they termed the lugubrious *iacismus* of modern Greek pronunciation, they set to work to restore the old and true one. (97.) Now, without entering into any minute examination of the merits or demerits of a people or a language in which the phonetic and moral distinctions between *ip̄terov* and *pt̄erov* are not particularly clear, it appears almost monstrous to treat all the vowel sounds of a language in some arbitrary way, and then to call the change a "clever and spirited reform." Sir George Young adheres, it seems, to the astonishing notion that the name Ierne is a contraction of *ip̄p̄t̄r̄ov*; but it argues a scarcely less shallow acquaintance with the laws of language to assert that the modern Greek pronunciation points "to affectation, rather than to ignorance; to the fashionable drawl of the ignorant fops of the Empire, rather than to the rugged accent in which Gothic throats must have croaked about the Emperor's throne." (85.) The mincing talk of courtiers does not usually influence the speech of the common people; and if we cannot tell with certainty what was the pronunciation of Demosthenes and Plato, we may be quite certain that it was not like ours. It may be absurd to make *rōt̄rov* rhyme with *bow-wow*; but it is absolutely inexcusable to introduce into the reading of Greek a sound which can scarcely be said to exist even in English. Our school-boys might receive something more than a verbal rebuke, if they were to read *ek̄k̄alai* as they read "nay, nay." To suit the canons of Erasmus, every such diphthong must be twisted into the sound of the solitary English *aye*. Even Hallam himself speaks with less than his usual judgment when he says that "to adopt the pronunciation of the modern Greeks, *even if right*, would be buying truth very dear." The way in which Sophocles and *Æ*schylus spoke, must have been the right one; and if the modern Greek be the same, the question is at an end. Our vowel use is manifestly indefensible; but the real difficulty lies, not here, but in the reconciliation of accent with quantity. Our "reformed" method violates or ignores both.

Yet, whatever may have been the sins of scholars on this head during the sixteenth century, there was throughout it, as Sir G. Young remarks, "no jealousy of admitting the female sex to the enjoyment of ancient lore." In his poem or *Essay on Human Life*, Rogers has drawn one of his least prosy illustrations from the legend of Lady Jane Grey,

Musing with Plato, though the horn was blown
And all in green array were chasing down the sun."

In her little volume of *Selections*, Lady Chatterton offers the same intellectual food "to her own sex," in the hope especially of attracting young girls who might be deterred from reading what they might otherwise think too clever. The attempt is not very successful; and the reader is sometimes tempted to ask himself why it was made. There are translations of Plato already in existence; and the present volume is not a mere stringing together of short passages from different works. In addition to such extracts, Lady Chatterton gives, to use her own elegant phrase, "the entire of the" *Crito* and *Phedo*. She could not have made a better choice, if wishing to draw the reader's attention to Plato "as the greatest example that God never left Himself without a witness, never left man without a guide pointing truthwards." Nor would it be possible, in the worst of translations, to fail of giving some idea of the surpassing beauty of that dialogue which tells the tale of the last hours of Socrates. In spite of many arguments which are purely verbal — in spite of that tedious method of minute questioning which half makes us pardon the weariness and resentment of his

Athenian hearers—the true nobleness of the man, his singular love and tenderness, his lighthearted playfulness, stand out as they have never stood out in any other man, except perhaps in Sir Thomas More. The *Phædo* might assuredly be better translated, but men and women who cannot read it in the Greek will be the better for reading even Lady Chatterton's version, albeit they may fail sometimes to understand it, for the very simple reason that it does not represent the original. They may possibly find it tedious also; for Lady Chatterton (whether following some other translation or for whatever cause) has thought it necessary to retain idioms which are not English, while leaving out whole phrases or propositions which are frequently by no means unimportant. Anything which professes to be a translation has no business to omit the latter—a reproduction has no business to retain the former. But the *Phædo* represents the conversational language of Athenian thinkers, not altogether free perhaps from some artificial polish, yet substantially the same in their every-day talk. As such, it should be rendered into English; and our conversational "you" should replace the formal "thou." The translation is, indeed, full of mistakes, and exhibits not a few glaring blunders. In passage after passage the sense is altogether misread, and real distinctions are not perceived, while a false contrast is put into their place. The following may serve as a specimen, by no means of the worst kind:—

A foolish person might not see the reason why it is unwise to fly away from a good master, and most wise to remain: and so an unseasonable person might escape. (P. 79.)

The original says something about a thoughtless man who might not remember "that it was his duty not to fly from his master if he were a good one, but to remain as close to him as possible; and so in his thoughtlessness he might run away." Other instances, carrying out the mistakes to greater length, may be found at pp. 97, 99, 100, 118, &c. &c.; but the opening sentences may serve as well as any to show how far this version can claim to be really English:—

Echenates. Wert thou present thyself, O Phædo, with Socrates on the day when he drank the poison in his prison, or from some other person didst thou hear of it?

Phædo. I was there myself, O Echenates.

Echenates. What then did that great man say at his death, and how was his end? I should like to hear about it, for none of our fellow-citizens of Phlius have a habit of going to Athens, nor has any stranger come to us from thence for a long time, who could give us any distinct account of what happened, only at least that he drank the poison and died.

Phædo. Not then about the trial hast thou heard, and in what manner it took place? &c.

ACROSS THE CARPATHIANS.*

THE lady who has given us this unpretending volume of travels deserves credit for having gone out of the beaten paths of the tourist. Notwithstanding the great interest which attaches to Austria and its dependencies, and in spite of the renown shed upon Hungary by the celebrated men of 1848—Bem, Dembinski, Klapka, Damjanic, and the Slovak Kossuth—we question whether the history of any part of Europe is so little known as that which is bounded on the south by the Drave and the Danube, and on the north and east by the Carpathian Mountains, which bend over it like a Tartar bow. This indifference about Hungary and Transylvania dates, we may add, from the time of Shakspeare, who gave occasion to Dr. Farmer and the rest of his critics to point out the "ignorance" of the dramatist in making Bohemia possess a sea coast, causing a ship to be wrecked on it. But this ignorance was at least shared in by his contemporaries—his plot being taken from *Pandosto*, a novel by Robert Greene, in which the ship in which Dorastus and Fawna flee from the king is wrecked upon the coast of Bohemia. Certainly the legend of the *Winter's Tale* might well have arisen where Shakspeare places it, for our present authoress, who has a head for these matters, has contrived to pick up some half-dozen legends equally good—one, indeed, which we shall presently quote, being exactly fitted not merely for the drama, but for the "sensation drama" of to-day. Coleridge, whose reading was both curious and extensive, touched upon this country, and in his play of *Zarzyla* strange Slovak names will we find, such as here will puzzle the eyes and the tongue of the reader. So, perhaps not without meaning, has the authoress chosen for her motto on the title-page that sentence from Dalimil's Chronicle which tells us that "In the Srb language there is a country whose name is Chorvatia"—the arrangement of which mystic sentence is at least as puzzling as at first we imagined the announcement to be useless.

It was in the summer of 1859 that, for the sake of benefiting their health, two English ladies, a niece (who has written the book) and an aunt, resolved to reach Cracow by crossing the Carpathian Mountains instead of going by rail. What will not English ladies go through? These two were apparently equal to "things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme," and fell to raptures at the novelty of travelling "from Presburg to Tyrnau, through the valley of the Vag (Wang) to Smicks, from Smicks across the Carpathians to Cracow." The only books affording any information about this remote region which our travellers could obtain were Mednyansky's *Picturesque Tour on the Waag*, and the *Diary* of Mr. Paget, who travelled in 1831. The ladies collected from various travellers the agreeable facts that there were decent inns

on the road, and that the innkeepers spoke German. They therefore took neither courier nor carriage, but, with the persistent determination of Englishwomen, united with the faith and simplicity of Bunyan's female pilgrim, set out unaccompanied; and after encountering no greater peril than dirty beds, and now and then a rude innkeeper, or a "blundering Beamter," they arrived in safety at the north side of the Carpathians. Their luggage, reduced to its minimum, with a stock of portable soup, some tea, and a hand-basket containing Rouman water-vases, too irreplaceable to be trusted out of sight, reached their destination in safety also, which, as the writer observes, says something for the roads north of Hungary and Galicia.

The country from Presburg to Pistjan is fertile and "smiling"—an epithet of some value, we should imagine, from its frequent use with tourists. A chain of low hills, partly covered with vineyards producing an excellent wine, large white fields of oats, maize, and barley, and the road fringed with acacias in full bloom, formed a pleasant picture. The peasants, in white tunics, wide felt hats, and flowing locks, reminded the travellers of the Rouman peasantry, but the hair and complexion were fairer, and the features had lost the southern cast. The men were somewhat heavy of countenance, but the women presented sweet cheerful faces, and the country had a much more cultivated appearance than any which our travellers had passed in Southern Germany and Austria. Next to the German, indeed, the most industrious tenant of the Hungarian soil is the Slovak. Tyrnau, the first town they reached, is called, from the multitude of its churches "Little Rome." It was some time ago the seat of the Hungarian Primate, and boasted, before 1848, a printing press, whence many works issued in the Slovak language. That dialect is therefore said to flourish there in the greatest purity.

Travelling onward in the post-wagen, our tourists took a little girl for a guide to lead them from the toll-har where the carriage stopped to the castle of Cesjta, and here heard a horrible legend which may be fitly recommended to the writers of melodramas. Horrible as it is, it possesses the still greater fascination of truth, and is "established but too certainly by the witness of legal documents." Here it is:—

Elizabeth Batory, sister to the King of Poland, and wife of a powerful Hungarian magnate, inhabited the castle of Cesjta in the year 1610. She was of a cruel and impious disposition, and jealous (regretful) of the power of her fading charms. Rouge, dyes, and what not had been long in daily requisition, but in vain. One day, in fit of rage and vexation, she struck a young attendant with such violence as to draw blood; and behold, to her diseased imagination, the hand thus stained became whiter and plumper—in short, it renewed its youth.

Upon this, to shorten the story, Elizabeth Batory presumed that the logical conclusion from this very partial premiss was that a bath of "virgin's blood" would renovate her exhausted body and entirely restore the charms of her youth. She made up her mind that the experiment would be worth a trial; and amongst the number of her attendants, who, as usual in novels and tales, were "poor, but of gentle blood," she sought her victims. We continue the legend:—

At the foot of the rock whereon the castle stands dwelt two old women, abjectly poor, cringing and malignant; these were to be the executioners. A subterranean passage led from the castle to their cottage; this was to be the scene of the crime. And now, conducted through the secret passage into the cellar of the cottage, the first poor girl has fallen a sacrifice, and the murderer has held her first blood-bath. One after another follows, and the guilt of three hundred deaths is heaped on Elizabeth's head. But at last the innocents find their avenger. A young man, whose betrothed had entered the castle and disappeared in this mysterious manner, devoted himself to follow up the track of blood. Often baffled, he was at last successful; and appearing before the Palatine, George Thurzo, at Presburg, he denounced Elizabeth in open court. No time was lost in investigating the matter; and, before the murderer and her associates so much as knew that they were accused, the Palatine was upon them, and the yet warm body of the murdered girl was discovered in the cellar. The two servile hags died at the stake, but the sister of the King of Poland was sentenced only to imprisonment for life.

After digesting this horrible tale, in which the principles of poetical justice are so flagrantly violated, our travellers went their way. At Trentsin they found the hotel full, and had to pass the night at a Jew's inn. But in this *Juden Kneipe* they met with useful information. Certainly it was full of evil odours, dirt, tinsel pictures, and little ornaments, and smelt worse than that city which Coleridge calls "the body and soul stinking town of Cologne;" but pasted up beside various gaudy daubs were the Police Regulations, containing, amongst others, the following mandate:—"The guest-chamber shall contain a bed, a table, a chair, and a chest with a lock, also a lock on the door. N.B.—Clean sheets shall be put on the bed, if the traveller shall so require."

The authoress next explains—for all travellers must occasionally mount the platform—who the Slovaks or Sibare are, whence they came, to whom they were indebted for Christianity, and how the Thessalian missionaries struggled with the Pope to obtain permission to bequeath to their Slav flock a Slavonic Bible, and to teach them prayers in their own tongue. This information is not only disfigured with strange names, but is rendered almost unreadable by a dryness and deadness of style which it is impossible to get over and cruel to blame, being the result of nature rather than of art. The whole of the chapter should in fact have been thrown into one explanatory introduction. But, after having written a good part of the book, the authoress seems to have been struck by the idea that the English public would be as ignorant of the country which she visited as they were of those fictitious kingdoms whence George Palmanazar said he escaped, and whose dialect he so cleverly

* *Across the Carpathians.* Cambridge and London: Macmillan & Co. 1862.

invented. Consequently, we have a huge slice of history as dry as ship biscuit which has made the circuit of the globe. Nor, to say the truth, is that portion of the book which narrates the travels of the two ladies much more interesting. We have seldom read a volume so difficult to review. The ladies are sensible, unromantic, well-educated, and common-sense people. But it is just that common sense that we find fault with. Murray's *Hand-book* is by far more romantic and descriptive. True it is that these ladies have been everywhere:—

Not in Austria, nor in Scotland, nor in Switzerland; not in North Italy, nor in Transylvania; not on the Danube, nor on the Rhine, can we recall such a seven days' journey as when tracing the course of that wandering river (by the way, the name of the river has escaped the authoress, probably the Waag), through grand rocks, rich foliage, and proud ruins, to the great pyramidal mountains from whose snow-capped peaks it flows.

This is the best bit of description in the book, and our readers will agree with us that it is but negative. It resembles that puzzling power of tongue possessed by some ladies, who tell you that a new acquaintance is not like Jones, nor Smith—that he has not the nose of Brown, nor the hay-coloured whiskers of Robinson—and so on, till, having gone through their whole visiting list, they leave you to form the best opinion you can of the new acquaintance from the pleasing fact that you have no data to go upon. Certainly, we once heard Mr. Buckstone, in a farce, fully satisfied on negative evidence. "Have you," said he, to his interlocutor, "have you a strawberry mark on your left shoulder?" "No, I have not," shouts the man. "Then," said the little comedian, with deep emotion, "you are my brother." We confess we did not quite see the force of the reasoning.

This negative style is kept up through the whole of the book. The writer goes to Kubin, to the Ice Cave at Dementalva, where a figure of ice of almost human form may be destroyed one moment, and will gradually, from the constant dripping of half-frozen water, build itself up before the spectator. She visits St. Miklos, Csorba, Smocka. She writes on Panslavism, the Saxons of the Zips, Polish Jews, and Galicians, and at last reaches Cracow. But having travelled with her thus far, we are very little wiser than we were before. The effect produced upon our minds is, like her descriptions, negative. The truth is, a traveller, to be able to write an amusing book, should have many gifts and a fluent easy style. He or she should possess a perfect knowledge of the subject, great observation, and a method of imparting the cream of what is observed. Without these a book of travels is really not worth reading; nor is it much to say that this lady has thoroughly failed in interesting us. As we lay down this book after carefully reading it, we can recollect no point of interest or brilliancy save the legends, and we are afraid that, in the ensuing autumn, not one amongst the crowds of travellers who pour from our shores will be induced by it to travel across the Carpathians.

TURKISH CAPTIVITY IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.*

THIS book, which contains an account of the Turkish captivity and release of a young Bohemian nobleman at the end of the sixteenth century, is as interesting as a story by Defoe, and more instructive, inasmuch as the incidents are true, and are most suggestively illustrative of the condition of the Turks at the close of the sixteenth century, and the relations then subsisting between them and Christendom. Many a reader will be thankful to the successor of Dr. Donaldson for having undertaken this translation from the Bohemian, of a narrative which is not only of considerable historical value, but is also written in a style of such simplicity and pure and manly taste, as would do honour to any literature in Europe at that period.

Wenceslaus Wratislaw, the son of a noble family of Bohemia, formed in the year 1591 one of the suite of the ambassador of the Emperor Rudolph II. to the Sultan Amurath III. He was quite a boy at the time, and his relatives, he tells us, were anxious that he should gain experience and see Eastern countries. The power of the Turks, and the terror with which they inspired Europe, was then at a stand-still; and symptoms of decline were to be observed, although the Turkish arms were still truly formidable. Twenty-two years before, they had been beaten back from the walls of Vienna, and nine years previously their navy was nearly annihilated at Lepanto. But they were still a terrible, insolent, and cruel barbarian Power, with whom Christian countries were content to hold intercourse on terms of humiliation. At the court of their sovereign, Christian ambassadors were only admitted on condition of servile obeisance; and in their galleys and dungeons, and on their public works, Christian nobles, knights, and artisans were wearing out their lives in the most horrible form of slavery. The young Wratislaw's account of his journey to Constantinople shows that he had a quick perception of the relations in which Christians stood to the Turks. The protection of the pashas had everywhere to be bought with presents of costly jewellery and articles of cunning French workmanship, among which clocks and watches were the most acceptable offerings, and the supply taken from the Imperial clock-

* *Adventures of Baron Wenceslaus Wratislaw, of Mitrovitz. What he saw in the Turkish Metropolis of Constantinople. Experienced in his Captivity and after his Happy Return to his Country. Committed to Writing in the Year of our Lord, 1599.* Literally translated from the original Bohemian. By A. H. Wratislaw, M.A., Head Master of the Grammar School, Bury St. Edmunds, and formerly Fellow and Tutor of Christ's College, Cambridge. London: Bell & Daldy. 1862.

makers of Vienna must have been most abundant, and have highly taxed their ingenuity. Every interview with the pashas, and every presentation to the Sultan, was attended with sumptuous presents of dollars, silver-gilt jugs, basons, beakers, &c., but most especially of clocks. We read of a clock in the form of a gilt horse, on which sat a Turk with an arrow drawn to the head, and of a square striking clock, on which two men stood and moved, and when it struck opened their mouths. Another had on it a Turk on horseback, together with a lion overpowering another Turk, and, when the clock struck, the horse pawed with his foot and turned his eyes every minute. More than all this, the Turks refused to call the Emperor of Germany anything more than the King of Vienna, saying that their own Sultan was the Roman Emperor; and a yearly payment was exacted from Vienna, under the title of tribute. The intermission of the payment of this tribute was the chief cause of the trouble which befell the embassy of which Baron Wratislaw was a member. The money was not sent to Constantinople, because the Turks had broken the truce for which it was paid, and one Hassan Pasha had made an incursion into Croatia. He had taken the Castle of Wyhyst, and sent 300 Christian prisoners to Constantinople, each of whom was compelled to carry six stuffed heads of slaughtered Christians. The ghastly procession of triumphant Turks and their captives passed by the house in which the Viennese Embassy dwelt, and young Wratislaw beheld from a window the barbarous exultation of the mob as the train moved along—mothers with children at the breast, and infants of one and two years of age, and wives wailing aloud as they bore in their hands the heads of their slain husbands.

As matters proceeded towards open hostilities between the Emperor of Germany and the Sultan, the treatment of the Imperial Embassy at Constantinople became worse and worse, until at last their hotel was turned into a prison, and the gates made fast. After this, a man of the Embassy became a renegade, and betrayed the secret papers of the Ambassador, which contained the reports of spies and female relatives of the Sultan, and persons in his service who had been bribed to give secret information of the projects of the Ottoman Power. The Ambassador was then taken off as a prisoner to the Sultan's camp—he was dragged along in the train of the army, and so maltreated that he died on reaching Belgrade. The rest of the Embassy, two hours after his departure, were dragged from their house by the sub-pashas and the city executioner, through the midst of the mob of Constantinople, who swarmed round about the Embassy and mounted on the very house-tops of the nearest houses. Young Wratislaw was then very ill of dysentery, and in the last stage of weakness. He was, nevertheless, torn from his bed in his shirt, an iron ring was placed round his neck, as well as round that of each of his comrades, and together with his companions he was paraded all through Constantinople, and subjected to frightful usage. As he could not walk he was placed on a mule, and held down by either leg by two executioners, so that he bled, and thus, sick and fainting beneath a burning sun, amid the execrations of thousands, gnashing their teeth in fury, he and his companions were led beneath the gallows where criminals were usually suspended by hooks, and the whole party were threatened with instant death unless they turned Mahometans:—

But, by the grace of God, none of us did this, but we were all ready to lose our lives in preference; although, on the other hand, we were so overwhelmed by fear of death that none of us knew whether he was alive or dead.

After remaining still about a quarter of an hour, the sub-pasha gave orders to conduct us to the sea, which was close at hand. The vulgar, therefore, as they had not hung us on the hooks, had no other expectation but that they would drown us in the sea. Every living soul, therefore, ran down to the sea, and took their seats in boats and barges, for greater convenience in looking on. When they brought us to the shore, they thrust us almost head-over-heels into a boat, in which camels and mules, with all manner of mercantile burdens, are ferried over from Europe to Asia, cursing at us, meanwhile, vehemently, and pushing us in such a manner that the poor wretches pulled each other down by their chains. Coming to myself again, I thanked my God that it had pleased Him to release me from that terrible death, and being afraid lest they should drag me from the mule, and throw me, like my comrades, into the boat, I fortunately saw a Turk whom I knew, and called out to him, imploring him:—"My soul, for God's sake I implore thee, help me!" He, although the rest looked angrily at him, and reviled him, gave no heed to them, but ran up rapidly, helped me down, and after saying to me sorrowfully, "God release thee," departed.

They were taken at last to the arsenal, and the description of its inmates is highly curious, as we here see who were the artificers of the splendid Turkish galleys of the sixteenth century, so well known in the pictures of sea fights of that time:—

In the principal building there are captives of various nations, artisans who construct galleys, and divers other things; for instance, carpenters, joiners, smiths, ropemakers, sailclothmakers, locksmiths, and coopers, who are conducted every day into this or that workshop. These are the best off of all, for they have it in their power to filch things, sell them secretly, and buy something to eat; nay, when they work industriously, porridge is given them on Friday, (the Turkish Sunday,) and, above all, they have hopes of release before the rest. For, when they execute a handsome piece of work, whether it be a galley, a galleon, or any other boat, in a masterly and artistic style, and the pasha who commands by sea is pleased with it, he confers the following favours on the chief artisans. Taking from them a promise not to escape from Turkey for ten years, more or less, but to work faithfully till the expiration of that time, he releases them on parole, and, after that time, they can marry and settle there at their liking, or return to their own country. When, moreover, any one wishes to ransom himself, or earn his liberty, since no Turk promises for a Christian, he must produce as security ten or twenty other Christian captives, that is to say, should he during that time escape before he has earned his liberty, or should a captive who is ransoming himself not bring his price by a certain day, then these,

his sureties, become liable, one to have an eye struck out, a second to have an ear, a third to have his nose, a fourth to have the thumbs of both his hands, and the toes of both his feet cut off, or the teeth on one side of his jaw knocked out, or to receive so many hundred blows on his belly, the calves of his legs, and the soles of his feet. Not till any given captive obtains such sureties (and it is seldom that any one makes such an engagement) is he released to go to Christendom, and if he is not to be found, and does not pay his ransom, his sureties have to suffer according to their bond.

Baron Wratislaw saw a captive Hungarian in the arsenal who had become surety for a false friend, and had consequently to wear two sets of fetters—one for himself and one for the man he had released—and had lost one ear, four front teeth, both thumbs, all his toes, and was frightfully beaten with a stick every Friday.

The most unhappy class of prisoners were those who knew no kind of manual art, for they became mere galley-slaves and common day-labourers. Among these was this poor young nobleman classed; and a more truthful and detailed account of horrible sufferings than those which the unfortunate lad had to pass through for three or four years can hardly be found anywhere. Although he managed to help himself by learning to knit stockings, yet the hunger of himself and his fellow-captives was at times so great that they were glad to be fed on carrion flesh and fish, and food of the most revolting description. The state of the gaol was revolting in the last degree. The filth was most abominable, and fleas, lice, bugs, and black ants abounded in such multitudes that the narrator says, nowhere on his whole body, left naked to the assaults of these creatures—not even on the head and face—could you find a sound place with a pin. But their sufferings during the season of galley-rowing were perhaps the most horrible of all. From the description here contained of the life of a Turkish galley-slave, a vivid conception may be formed of the amount of Christian misery in the Turkish fleets, then the scourge of the Mediterranean. It is horrible to think of three hundred Christians—many of them delicately brought up—chained in each galley by the foot to the bench, so that they could just move to pull the oar, with their naked bodies roasted all day long by an Eastern sun:—

And thus fettered hand and foot the captive must row day and night, unless there is a gale, till the skin on the body is scorched like that of a singed hog, and cracks from the heat. The sweat flows into the eyes and steeps the whole body, whence arises excessive agony, especially to silken hands unaccustomed to work, on which blisters are formed from the oars, and yet give way with the oar one must; for when the superintendent of the boat sees any one taking breath, and resting, he immediately beats him, naked as he is, either with the usual galley-slave scourge, or with a wet rope dipped in the sea, till he makes abundance of bloody weals over his whole body. Under all this you must be silent, and neither look at him nor cry out "Oh!" or you have immediately twice as many blows, and these cutting words in addition:—"Prepidy amasen, sylgium, irassem?" "Ha, dog, why dost thou murmur, contradict, and get angry?"

Thus, too, it happened to one of our company, an Austrian knight, a grey-haired man, who, when a Turk struck him with the usual scourge over the naked shoulders, cried out twice or thrice,—"Oh! for God's sake do not beat me!" The Turk, not understanding the language in which he spoke, imagined that he was reviling him, and therefore beat the poor wretch violently, so that he was obliged to learn patience with the rest. No man can narrate that exceeding misery, or believe that the human body, tortured with all manner of suffering, can bear and endure so much. In the first place, a man is not only baked, but even roasted, all day long by the excessive heat; secondly, he must pull at the oar till his bones and all his veins crack; and thirdly, every moment he must expect the usual scourge, or the dipped rope; and frequently some jackanapes of a rascally Turkish boy amuses himself with beating the captives from bench to bench one after the other, and laughing at them. All this you must not only bear patiently from the snivelling rascal, and hold your tongue, but, if you can bring yourself to it, you must kiss his hand, or foot, and beg the dirty boy not to be angry with you. For food nothing is given but two small cakes of biscuit.

A worse period of captivity lay before the Embassy than all this; for, on the news of some Turkish reverses in the war in Hungary, the whole party were thrown into the Black Tower, and there confined for two years. The history of their release from this frightful dungeon, and of the diplomacy of their friend and governor, the old *aya*, in their favour, is full of pathetic interest; and many were the alternations of hope and despair through which they had to pass before their liberation was effected. All, however, was at last arranged, except the payment of 200 ducats to the old *aya*, who had no idea of an unremunerated generosity; and the poor captives had much difficulty in getting this money, which was to open the doors of their prison for ever, advanced by the Christians of Galata. The young Wratislaw arrived at last at Prague, and was presented, with some of his companions, to the Emperor, who promised to recompense them in some measure for their sufferings. His Majesty ordered a considerable sum of money to be divided among them, which was, however, never received; and they all returned with empty purses to their families, thanking God piously for their delivery.

The narrative, we have said, is in every way a most instructive one, and throws much light on the internal state of Turkey in the sixteenth century, on the intrigues of the Seraglio, and the rise and fall of favourites. The viziers and principal pashas mentioned in the book were all renegades, and, perhaps on that very account had no compassion for the members of their cast-off faith; yet from some of the more decent Turks, and especially from soldiers of rank who knew the uncertain chances of war, the poor captives met with charitable attention. "To-day for you," said they—"to-morrow for us." "For," writes the young Bohemian naively, "just as with us, no sensible people insult the Jews, but the mob, when they meet one, give him a filip or a kick, or knock him off, so also no respectable Turks insult the Christians much, but only the worthless mob, who will not be subject to any order or

law." Yet, after all, the whole impression given is that of a tribe of barbarians governed by Christian renegades, with barbarian brutality and more than barbarian want of principle; and when we read of their horrible vices and what the Turks were two centuries and a half ago, and see what they remain still, it may well be doubted whether the race is capable of civilization at all.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

*The Pictures from Foreign Lands** appear, though they are not stated, to be a collection of newspaper correspondence composed at various times in the course of the last ten years, and referring to the places in which the author has sojourned during that time. They are relieved from the tedium which is apt to attach to this species of composition in German hands, both by his very un-German liveliness of style, and also by the perverse temper in which he studied men and things. This disposition of mind, which gives an agreeable flavour to his book, seems, if we may judge from various allusions, to have been due to the fact that he had left his country for his country's good in consequence of the events of 1848. His political opinions, and their ill-success, leave him in an acid temper, favourable to the production of satire, not only upon monarchy, aristocracy, Christianity, and so forth, but also upon matters of less importance. Of all the countries he visited, Turkey appears to have been his favourite. He dwells with great complacency on the good taste of the Ottomans, men and women, on the prospects of their Empire, and on the future opening out to Mahometanism. In Italy, he takes the anti-Italian view common to many German Liberals, and is strongly opposed to the cession of Venetia, on the ground that it will only fall into the hands of France. In Paris, he appears to have been chiefly struck by the morality of the women, whom he contrasts favourably with those of England. For England he evidently has a very hearty detestation. Our clergy are hypocrites, because, while they insist on a Puritan Sunday, they do not insist on the political views of the Puritans as well, and, in fact, would be ready to suffer any licentiousness of morals rather than permit such opinions to prevail. He is very angry with the Turks because he found at Constantinople that they shook their heads in helpless ignorance when he said he was a German, but that they regarded him with favour directly he professed himself to be English. He inveighs bitterly against the folly of trusting to a nation that has never done anything but make her own profit out of those who have trusted to her. He never fails to visit our general immorality with proper censure whenever he has an opportunity. Even our political achievements he will not leave us to enjoy unquestioned. The repeal of the Corn Laws, which, we are told, has shaken the English aristocracy to its base, was originated at Manchester by German merchants; for Germans are the leaven that, all the world over, impregnate society with a wholesome and purifying ferment. By opinions of this stamp, expressed with a good deal of sarcastic point, he contrives to make agreeable pictures out of very well-worn subjects. A large portion of the book consists of a republication of criticisms upon the French Exhibition of 1855, which just now have a certain interest for the purposes of comparison.

Professor Friedländer's *History of Roman Manners*† during the reigns of the earlier Emperors, is a painstaking work upon a subject that is by no means new. The Professor has had no special opportunities for contributing anything novel to our information on this matter, though of course there are many disputed points, such as the population of Imperial Rome, or the origin of the powerful "comes," which enable him to express an original opinion of his own. His industry is very praiseworthy; and the form in which he has thrown his information together is perhaps new. Only the first part of the work has yet appeared. It embraces five divisions: 1. The City; 2. The Court; 3. The Three Orders; 4. Social Intercourse; 5. The Women. What is most novel in his mode of treatment is the view he gives of the gradual development, or rather degradation, of Roman manners during the first two centuries of the Empire under each of these heads. For the first centuries he relies mainly upon well-known poets and satirists; but in the second part these fail him, and he is compelled to guide himself by scattered hints, culled out of a great variety of works. It is in this part, therefore, that the chief fruit of his labours, as well as the principal value of his work, is contained.

A new edition of Grießen's *Handbook of London*‡ has been published in honour of the special circumstances of the year. Its information is wonderfully minute, and, on the whole, very accurate. The collection of all the petty statistics that a lionizer requires is marvellously extensive. The dominant impression which a perusal of the book will leave on a Londoner's mind is a feeling of penitence at his own profound ignorance of the city he lives in. When the writer comes, however, to give lessons in the English language and in English manners, he is not quite so successful. The English vocabulary for the promotion of intercourse with waiters, cabmen, and so forth, if employed literally, will often puzzle those simple-minded friends of the foreigner.

* *Bilder aus der Fremde. Gezeichnet von Lothar Bucher. Berlin: Gerschel. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.*

† *Darstellungen aus der Sittengeschichte Roms in der Zeit von August bis zum Ausgang der Antonine. Von L. Friedländer. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams and Norgate. 1862.*

‡ *London und Umgebungen. Von T. Grießen. Berlin: Grießen. London: Williams and Norgate.*

We doubt if a cabman would make much of the promise, "If you go fast you shall have a good gratuity." He would probably reply that he would rather have a shilling. The author does his best to alleviate the difficulties of English pronunciation by rendering them into a phonetic German spelling of his own devising; but his translations are a little arbitrary sometimes. When a German wishes to express the South Kensington Museum, he is told to say "Szaus Mjüssüm;" and the writer of the *Handbook* appears to entertain no misgivings that, after the accomplishment of this feat in pronunciation, he can possibly be misunderstood. *Horsjärs for "Horse Guards," Queen's College for "Queen's College," Igyptischen Hof for "Egyptian Hall,"* seem also to be rather violent renderings of our pronunciation. We should doubt, too, whether a German would be very much obliged to our author for telling him that the best wine to ask for at an hotel is "Cherry." English nomenclature and grammar do not fare very much better. If an unfortunate German should wish to see the inside of Buckingham Palace, he is told to write to the Lord Chancellor for permission; and is furnished with a copy of the letter he is to write, beginning with "Your Lordship are requested," &c., and proceeding to say that "Your Lordship's grace would very much oblige me," &c. Similar flaws may be detected in the admonitions which our author addresses to his countrymen on the subject of English manners. Etiquette, he observes, is maintained with the utmost rigour among all classes of the population; and it allots to each man a rank according to the amount of his property. The man who possesses two millions takes rank over the man who has only a million and a half, the merchant who has retired over the merchant who is in business, the man who has money in the funds over the manufacturer—all which things are carefully observed, even in the case of foreigners. Many directions are given concerning clothing—among others, that at dinner a man must wear yellow gloves, or gloves of a similar sort of colour, but at balls he must wear white gloves, and several pairs of them. At dinner he wears a black silk neckcloth, but at balls a black satin one. Touching visits, the author informs his countrymen—we can hardly refrain from stopping to execute him for the suggestion—that between 12 and 1 in the day is the best time for calling, and for presenting letters of introduction. If the visit is followed by an invitation to dinner, then the foreigner may conclude that "the letter of introduction has done its work," but, if it is followed by an invitation to tea, the foreigner must infer that he is to receive a polite dismissal. We all of us, therefore, now know exactly what a German letter of introduction means, and what will be looked upon as a full discharge of all demands and liabilities. Dinner, the stranger is warned, always takes place among the upper classes between five and six, and he must take care to be punctual. It consists always of fish and roast, and generally contains, in addition, *entrées* with all kinds of seasonings, such as sauces, rhubarb, and green celery. Dessert consists of fresh butter and fruit. Altogether, this ideal English dinner sounds an appetizing meal. The rest of the instructions for behaviour during dinner must be given word for word:—

English prudery does not permit the mention in society of any garments, except at the most of the coat and the hat. Even the feet of the pianoforte are clothed with some stuff or other in a decent manner. Such things, which perhaps have more of show than reality in them, must be taken quietly. The guest must be surprised at nothing, must keep himself as cool as the rest of the company; and, if he can, must sing a song after dinner; and then he may be certain that he has done the best he possibly can.

The author is evidently anxious that the travellers under his guidance should not fall into the evil habits of prudery to which the English are victims. His section on Unterhaltungsklasse contains a curious list of disreputable places of amusement, to most of which the significant recommendation of "leichte Damenwelt" is attached. He specially recommends the Haymarket between eleven and twelve at night, of which he gives a picture, and dwells at much length on Dr. Kahn's museum. The ginshops, however, he does not recommend, except as studies of the English character.

*Menchen und Bücher** is a collection of biographical essays, by M. Robert Prutz, upon authors of secondary importance who lived in the last century. The four to whom this volume is devoted are Hermes, Bahrdt, Laukhard, and Schübart. The judgments passed on them are anything but favourable. The point upon which the author dwells at the greatest length, and apparently with the greatest pleasure, is the immorality either of their writings or their lives. He enters in some detail upon the character of Hermes's novels and Bahrdt's theology, for the purpose of condemning both very heartily. The latter author he maltreats with a good will, which, had he lived in this century instead of the last, would have implied some personal enmity. The biographies give an opportunity for a certain amount of incidental inquiry into the condition of German society at that time; but the persons with whom they deal are too little celebrated to give any great interest to the book.

A treatise on the Amazons†, by Dr. Mordtmann, is a production of the reaction that has set in for some time against the symbolical school of historical interpreters of whom Creuzer may be said to have been the parent. According to this school, every nar-

rative concerning early times that was the least improbable in its circumstances, and many that were very probable, were set down as symbolic representations of some primeval religious idea. The Amazons suffered with others under the operation of this universal law. Though the existence at a certain period of a warlike nation of women, governing themselves and defending themselves without male aid, was attested by a great number of authors of very various character, still the fact was too strange to modern experience to be allowed to stand as fact. A myth was made out of it. The Amazons were simply a community of priestesses of the moon, who had sought to realize the idea, so much in favour in the East, of attaining to religious perfection by the abolition of sex. Their name indicated the steps which they had taken to this end. They corresponded, on the female side, to the Galli, priests of the Great Mother, on the male side. But the whole story of their warlike deeds was said by the symbolical interpreters to be a myth arising out of the fabled attack made upon them by Hercules, which merely indicated that the sun received greater honour from primeval worshippers than the moon. This theory of Bähr's, which has obtained considerable currency, has no other argument in its favour than the facts that their shields were moon-shaped, i. e. round, and that in founding the city of Ephesus, which they are said to have done, they erected a statue there to the goddess Artemis. These arguments do not necessarily prove them to have been priestesses of the goddess. Dr. Mordtmann disposes of them by showing that similar and far stronger reasons might be advanced by some future inquirer for the purpose of showing that the Turkish empire was a myth:—

There is a great State which bears a crescent in its arms. All its banners bear the crescent; all its public buildings devoted to religion have a crescent on their top. The reckoning of time is calculated by the course of the moon. The territory of this State includes a great number of States wherein the worship of the Goddess of the Moon has been renowned in old times, such as Ephesus, Zela, Comana, Hierapolis. The shields which the soldiers of this land used to bear were moon-shaped; the mouths of its canons are moon-shaped still. The founder of the State had a brother, whose name was "Aidogdu," that is to say, "the moon has risen." Some future symbolist would surely be justified in declaring that the history of the Turkish Empire was a myth, which sprang out of a religious idea, and that the Turks were nothing else but priests of the Goddess of the Moon, whose observances had gradually become history, and gathered for themselves a geographical basis.

Dr. Mordtmann's own view agrees with that taken by Procopius, that the tales of Amazon cities are no doubt true enough, and that they had arisen from the accidental destruction of the males. It was no uncommon thing for all, or nearly all, the males of a tribe to go out to war, and if it should happen that they were all cut off, the task of defending and governing themselves might fall to the women they had left behind. The power, once gained, might become sweet, and might not be readily surrendered. The Amazons of Alexander's time are of course more apocryphal. The author simply looks upon the meeting between Alexander and Thalestris as a poetical version of a species of embassy not uncommon among Eastern tribes, to which the chief of some district near to which Alexander was passing was driven by the fear of his overwhelming force.

Another edition of Dr. Zerffi's *Faust** has appeared. Very much, both of the commentary and of the grammatical explanations, appears to be superfluous. The really valuable portion of the notes to an English reader is that which explains to him the allusions which the text in many places contains to the petty literary history of the day. It is not easily conceivable that Göthe should have used his grand supernatural machinery for the purpose of venting his grudge against a bookseller who had displeased him, or interpolated into the middle of some of Faust's most tremendous denunciations sarcasms against the historians who were his pet aversion. Unless the English reader were warned, therefore, he would not look for Nicolai under the name of the Prokophantasmist, or for Luden in the dialogue with Wagner. The commentator, as in duty bound, is anxious to collect all the glory he can for his author; but in these legitimate efforts he is occasionally a little rapacious. When Wagner is made to say, "Die Kunst ist lang, und kurz ist unser Leben," the annotator observes, in a transport of enthusiasm, that the expression is "one of those epigrammatical observations in which Göthe is so rich and striking," and then goes on gravely to explain its meaning. Has Dr. Zerffi never heard of *Arte longa, vita brevis*?

A translation of the same poet's *Hermann and Dorothea*† into English blank verse is carefully and creditably done; but it will not command the same attention from English readers—for the *Hermann and Dorothea* is too tiresome, or too homely, to be very popular amongst us. It requires all a German's appreciation of "great human things," to read it through with patience.

Professor Dietrich of Marburg has published a treatise on the pronunciation of Gothic.‡ The instrument on which he principally relies for accomplishing the difficult task of reviving the pronunciation of a dead language whose extant remains are so scanty, is a comparison of Ulphilas' spelling in the case of words and proper names borrowed from the Greek and Roman languages, with the original spelling. The difficulty is, that this test presupposes, first, that Ulphilas' pronunciation was immaculate; secondly, that the Gothic letters he selected to preserve it exactly corresponded; and thirdly, that we know the pronunciation of

* *Menchen und Bücher*. Von R. Prutz. Leipzig: Wagner. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

† *Die Amazons*. Von A. D. Mordtmann. Hannover: Hahn. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

* *Faust*. Von J. W. Göthe, with Explanatory Notes, by G. G. Zerffi. London: Nutt. 1862.

† *Göthe's Hermann and Dorothea*. London: Nutt.

‡ *Über die Aussprache des Gotthischen*. Von Dr. F. Dietrich. Marburg: Elwert. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

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the Greek and Roman words selected for the comparison. The light is at best a feeble one to be guided by—but it is all we have.

Of a number of lectures which the Professors of Marburg have been publishing in the form of pamphlets, we should be inclined most to recommend one on *Julian the Apostle**, by Professor Mangold. It is freshly and ably thought out, and agreeably written.

* *Julian der Abtrünnige. Ein Vortrag von W. Mangold.* Stuttgart: Franck. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications.

NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF NO. 367, JUNE 21, 1862.—

Meditation. Lord Canning.
America. Russia. Mr. Disraeli. The Land of the Free.
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After Dinner. Euphemisms.

The Ascot Cup. Mademoiselle de Latour. The Adelphi Theatre in Chancery. Philanthropic Societies.

The English and Foreign Pictures at the International Exhibition. The "Loan" Exhibition of Works of Fine Arts at South Kensington. Her Majesty's Theatre. M. Thalberg's Matinées.

The Leadbeater Papers.

Virginia de Leyva. Isca Silurum. Four Centuries. Dr. Samuel Parr. Greek Literature. Across the Carpathians. Turkish Captivity in the Sixteenth Century. German Literature.

ROYAL ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. George Vining. On Monday and during the week, "UNDER THE ROSE," an comic New Comedy by Watt Phillips, Esq., entitled "HIS LAST VICTORY," in which Mr. George Vining and Miss Herbert will appear; and the Burlesque Extravaganza, "PRINCE AMARÉ, or, the Fairy Rose," supported by the Misses Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews, &c. Commence at half-past 7.

MUSICAL UNION.—JOACHIM, JAELL, PIATTI.—Tuesday, June 21, half-past 3. Quartet, Haydn. Quintet E Flat, Piano, &c., Schumann. Quintet in C, Beethoven. Solo Piano, Jaell. Visions' Tickets, half-a-crown each, to be had of Cramer & Co.; Chappell & Co.; Olivier; Ashdown & Parry; and Austin & Co. J. ELLA, Director.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.—For the Benefit of HERB. ERNST, on Monday Evening next, June 21, on which occasion the following celebrated artists have volunteered their services:—Violin, Herr Joachim and Herr Laub; Vi. II, Herr Molique; Violoncello, Sig. Pini; and M. Davidoff; Pianoforte, Mr. Chas. Hall; Vocals, Madame Sainton-Dolby and Mr. Santley (by permission of D. H. Waddington); Concertina, Mr. Benedict. A new Quartet for Two Violins, Violoncello, and Violin, composed by Herr Joachim, will be performed for the first time in this country. For full particulars see Programme. Soho Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 1s. 6d. Unreserved Seats, 1s. Tickets at Chappell & Co., 30 New Bond Street; and at Austin & Co., Piccadilly.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Mr. BENEDICT has the honour to announce his ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT, on Monday, June 22. The Programme is now ready. Immediate application for the few remaining Soho and Balcony Seats, One Guinea each, is respectfully solicited. Reserved Seats in the Aps and Balcony, 1s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 1s. 6d. Programme and Tickets to be had at all the principal Musicians, and of Mr. Benedict, 7 Manchester Square.

THALBERG'S MATINÉES, Hanover Square Rooms.—S. THALBERG has the honour to announce that his MATINÉES and Last Appearances will take place on Saturday next, June 22, and Monday, July 7, in being positively his last appearance in London this season. Each Matinée will commence at Half-past 2 o'clock. Stalls, 2s.; Unreserved Seats, 1s. 6d. Programme and Tickets to be had at all the principal Libraries and Musicians, and of S. Thalberg's Secretary, Hanover Square Rooms.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Thursday, June 22, 1862, Mr. Henry Leadbeater, Chor. Grand Festival Concert. The Union of the First and Second Choirs, making a Choir of 150 Voices. The Programme will be selected from the extensive repertoire of the Choir, and will include Mendelssohn's "Judge me, O Lord," Mayoral's "Psalms," and Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus." The following distinguished artists have been engaged, Madame L. Sherrington, Herr Joachim, and Mr. Charles Hall. Stalls, 2s.; Balcony, 1s. 6d.; Area, 1s. with programme, can be obtained at the leading Musicians, at Austin's Tickets Office, 28 Piccadilly, and at the Hanover Square Rooms.

MR. ARTHUR NAPOLEON'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place on THURSDAY, June 22, at the QUEEN'S ROOMS, Hanover Square. On that occasion he will be assisted by the following eminent Artists:—Mdlle. Carlotta and Barbara Marchisio, Mdlme. Letizia Borgognoni (primo donna from La Scala in Milan, her first appearance in England), Mdlme. Nita Nurie, Miss Heywood, Mdlle. Farina; Signor Bettini, Mr. Walter Bolton, Signor Gaspari, Signor Corradi, and Signor Mazzoni (by kind permission of the Mapleton's). Pianists, Herr Paer and Mr. Arthur Napoleon; Violinists, Herr Politoff, Violoncello, Mdlme. Paganini, Signor M. Aymont; Conductors, Herr Wilhelm Ganz, Mr. John Wilson, and Mr. Edward Land. Concert to commence at Half-past Two o'clock. Reserved Seats, 1s. 6d.; Unreserved, 1s. 6d. To be obtained at all the principal Music-sellers, and at the Concert House, Hanover Square.

MR. CHARLES HALLE'S BEETHOVEN RECITALS.

The Sixth Concert will take place at the St. James's Hall, on Saturday afternoon next, June 22. Tickets, Half-pint, Fourpence-Sixpence; Accompanist, Mr. David Thomas. Soho Stalls, 1s. 6d.; Balcony, 7s.; Unreserved Seats, 2s. Tickets at Chappell & Co., 30 New Bond Street.

CRYSTAL PALACE—GREAT HANDEL FESTIVAL, 1862.

This GREAT FESTIVAL (the preparations for which have occupied the closest attention for nearly three years), will be held in the Great Tent of the Crystal Palace as follows:

MESSIAH. MONDAY, June 22, 1862.
SELECTION WEDNESDAY, June 25, 1862.
IRIS IN EGYPT. FRIDAY, June 27, 1862.

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The entire musical arrangements are under the direction of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

Conductor Mr. COSTA.

Principal Vocalists Principal Vocalists

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Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON and Miss PARKER.

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Remittances for Tickets, at Exeter Hall, or the Crystal Palace, to be by stamp or Post-office order (on the Cash Order) to be payable to

GEORGE GROVE, Secretary.

Crystal Palace, June 21, 1862.

HANDEL FESTIVAL.—MESSIAH.—Monday, June 22.—

Five Shilling Admission Tickets will be on Sale up to Saturday evening. The price of Admission on Monday will be 7s. 6d.

HANDEL FESTIVAL.—Tickets will not be sold in Sets after Saturday (this day).

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S ROSE SHOW, June 22. Doors open at One o'clock. Bands commence at Three o'clock. Admission Half-a-crown. Visitors can pass under cover to the Show.

NATIONAL ROSE SHOW, with the Horticultural Society's Rose Show, at South Kensington, Thursday next, June 23. Admission 2s. 6d.

HORTICULTURAL ROSE SHOW, Thursday, June 23.—

The Garden will not be open till One o'clock.

FRIKELL'S LAST WEEK BUT ONE.—Wiljalba Frikell will repeat his Wunderful Entertainment of Natural Music, at the St. James's Hall, Every Evening at Eight (except Saturday). The last performance but one on Saturday, June 23, at Three o'clock. Tickets at Chappell & Co., 30 New Bond Street; and at Austin's 2s. 6d.

ECCLÉSIOLGICAL SOCIETY.—The Twenty-Third Anniversary Meeting of the Ecclésiologial Society will be held on Tuesday, July 1, at 8 p.m., in the Lecture Theatre of the South Kensington Museum.

The subject of discussion will be the Ecclesiastical Aspect of the International Exhibition, and of the Exhibition (on Loan) of Fine Arts at the South Kensington Museum.

Ladies admitted.

It is suggested that Members of the Ecclésiologial Society and persons interested in its pursuits should meet at 7 p.m. on that day at the South Kensington Museum, to visit the Exhibition of Works of Art on Loan.

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Rev. J. MARSHAL WELD, Honorary Secretary.

(Rev. H. L. JENNER, Honorary Secretary for Musical Matters.

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THE ALBION MARINE, MORTGAGE, and INSURANCE COMPANY.—Notice is hereby given that the Share List of this Company will be closed on Thursday, June 26, for General; and Saturday, June 28, for the Country, after which the Directors will proceed with the Allotment.

By Order, J. JACKSON, Secretary pro tem.

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This Company is formed for the purpose of Cultivating and Producing Tea on an extensive scale, on the Estates, described hereafter, in the Province of Cachar.

The Province of Cachar, (an appendage of the Bengal Presidency), lies immediately to the East of Sylhet, and while adjoining the District of Assam, is considerably more contiguous to Calcutta.

In 1854, the Indigenous Tea Tree was discovered growing wild throughout this Province, and since that time it has been extensively cultivated and manufactured.

The tea which has proved most successful, is that of the Teas of Cachar, which has realized the highest price in the Market.

Tea Estates in Cachar are becoming every year more and more valuable, for instance, the following Tea Company's Shares realized in January 1862, as under, viz.—

The Shares of the Sylhet Company's Gardens and Estate, 120 per cent. premium.

The tea of the Sylhet Company have changed hands frequently, at 200 per cent. premium.

The Tea Company could have sold their Shares, but refused to do so, at 300 per cent. premium.

All these Companies are in active operation, and from the Teas of this year's manufacture very large dividends are anticipated.

There are also several other Companies that have been formed within the last three years, all of which are progressing rapidly, and large dividends are anticipated, namely—

The Cachar Tea Company, the first formed in the Province of that name, the Shares of the Moncheria and the Mutual, both of which are equally prosperous, though, from no shares being offered, their premiums cannot be quoted.

This Company have agreed to purchase Three Estates, comprising not less than 10,000 acres of land in the vicinity of No. 1, called "Lokotok,"

No. 1 Estate is situated on the Gogni River, about six miles from the Station of Sylhet, the Head Quarters of the Local Regiment and Office of Government; the area of this garden is 2,000 acres, and the tea is raised in bushes which are three years old, and bear well, and are in full bearing, and the remainder is planted by plants of one year's growth. This garden is in excellent condition, and has great capabilities.

The tea is in full bearing, and the tea is well stocked with every essential for a Tea Garden.

There are 200 men settled on the Estates, and the whole is under the management of one of the most experienced tea planters in Cachar.

No. 3 Estate, comprising about 3,000 acres, is higher up the Hylakandy Valley, some six miles distant from No. 2.

Mr. BARRY, the founder of these Estates, was the first who initiated the successful growth of Tea in Eastern Bengal, without the boundaries of the Assam Tea District. He has such confidence in this undertaking, that he not only takes a considerable portion of his purchase money in Shares, but moreover guarantees a minimum dividend of Six per cent. per annum on the whole called-up capital for a period of three years.

The business of the Company will be commenced as soon as the Directors shall, of opinion that sufficient capital will be subscribed for. In the event of no allotment taking place, the dividends will be returned in full.

Prospectuses may be obtained of the Brokers to the Company, Messrs. Crozier Brothers, 20 Cornhill, and Messrs. Frobisher Brothers, 29 Change Alley, Cornhill, as well as at the Offices of the Company, where every information will be given.

June 21, 1862.]

The Saturday Review.

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